

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1878.

THE news from the valley of the Mississippi is still distressing, even more so than when we last wrote. The fever is making terrible havoc among all classes of the inhabitants. Private advices show us that there is much exaggeration as to the condition of New Orleans. The rector of Christ church has sent out a circular letter to those of his parishioners who are absent, asking for aid, frankly and honestly saying that they ought to exhaust their own resources before asking for help.

But at Memphis, and Vicksburg, and Grenada there is pressing need. The fever has entered the home of Dr. Sansom, the veteran rector of Vicksburg; it has prostrated Dean Harris, of Memphis; and it has left the devoted Mr. McCracken standing almost alone in his recently beautiful, now desolated, parish of Grenada.

We have received some hundreds of dollars for these places, and shall gladly continue to be the medium of such blessings.

THE Roman Catholic Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, has issued a pastoral letter excluding parents who send their children to the public schools from the sacraments of the Church. Such parents have time and again been reproved by the Roman Catholic clergy, but we are not aware that refusal of the rites of the Church has been resorted to by those so high in authority as an archbishop. But while we may always count upon seeing Roman Catholic power carried to its full extent when practicable, one barrier is generally found to be effective, and that is expediency. That this barrier has been exceeded in this case has now become quite apparent. For immediately following this pastoral is the announcement that his grace is about to retire from the archbishopric. A coadjutor has been appointed who will assume the duties. No one doubts that the pastoral and the subsequent action have a connection. In fact, a priest who was "interviewed" declared this mandate "particularly injudicious." If carried out it "would cause disastrous strife, and the result would be the alienation of two thirds of the members of the Church." The same priest testifies to several other "injudicious" acts of the archbishop; but not until this one do we hear of his retirement. But what is "injudicious" in San Francisco is not by any means so in Rome. The *Catholic Review* publishes the substance of a letter issued by the vicar-general, Cardinal La Viletta, which we may be sure will not be followed by his retirement. He not only forbids the sacraments to those who send their children to Protestant

schools, but exposes to the major excommunication those who hear Protestant sermons (unless they intend not to yield to their arguments should they prove convincing); who give aid to printing invitations to heretical assemblies; who enter any place where Protestant services are going on, even out of curiosity, or to sing or to play in them; who work on heretical books, even in a subordinate position, in a printing office; or who lend their aid as architects, contractors, or builders in the construction or decoration of Protestant temples. A pastoral letter of this kind is not at all "injudicious" in Rome.

THE new prison for women at Sherborn, Mass., which contains nearly half the convicted women in the State, or nearly 450, is almost wholly under the control of women. The superintendent is a woman, the chaplain is a woman, the physician — in fact nearly all the officers and directors are women. This is no new thing under the sun, inasmuch as the great prison at Wodlong, England, containing 800 female convicts, has been for years under the sole management of women. That women, in most respects, can manage women better than men, must be plain to everybody. Already the superior discipline at Sherborn is said to be very manifest. There is a school six hours a day, at which, in different classes, all the convicts are taught; most of them being very ignorant, and of course having no idea of neatness and order. All prisoners who have obeyed the rules spend an hour each evening at the "privilege room" in orderly recreation. All have the ordinary prison fare, without any kind of luxuries, though all the arrangements are calculated to teach them neatness and decorum. The bane of prison life is either idleness or enforced work, in which the prisoners take no interest; but at Sherborn the women are taught to do the work skilfully and steadily, with some heart in it. This includes work in the laundry, kitchen, hospital, and in the various workshops. The earnings of the women amount to \$1,000 a month, and are constantly increasing. This experiment, if such it may be called, will be watched with increasing interest, no less as showing what can be done for women, than what women can do.

MR. GLADSTONE ON "KIN BEYOND SEA"

Whatever Mr. Gladstone's feeling in view of Lord Beaconsfield's triumphs, he is not so overcome by it as not to contribute an excellent article to the *North American Review* on "Kin Beyond Sea." His faith in us was somewhat shaken during the civil war, but he is so far recovered as to be as com-

plimentary and hopeful as we could well desire. The England and the America of the present, he says, are probably the two strongest nations of the world. "But there can hardly be a doubt, as between the America and the England of the future, that the daughter at some no very distant time will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother." Mr. Gladstone, however, does well to remind the two nations, and especially America, that "material triumphs are worse than idle, unless the men of the two countries shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainments of the highest purposes of their being." When he says the development which the republic has effected has been unexampled in rapidity and force, we wish this were as true of moral wealth as material. We should love to be assured, indeed, that while our development has been rapid in one direction, it has not been retrograde in another. The Americans will never lack for want of materials to carry on great enterprises. But it is impossible not to ask whether their eagerness for money, which De Tocqueville spoke of, has not impaired their integrity, and whether in the long run it may not prove a serious obstacle in the way of further development? It certainly makes in our favor, so far as paying off the public debt is concerned, that our "self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future" have been eightfold that of England.

What Mr. Gladstone has to say in regard to these resemblances and differences touching English and American institutions is very interesting and instructive. To say that "neither nation prefers, and that it would be an ill sign if either nation did prefer, the institutions of the other," shows how thoroughly Mr. Gladstone is persuaded that each nation has a vocation of its own, and is to pursue it in the divinely-appointed way. While there were "the strongest reasons why America could not grow into a reflection or repetition of England," it is enough that the two governments, whatsoever they do, have to give reasons for it; that they are governments not of force only, but persuasion; that they alike prefer the practical to the abstract; that they tolerate opinion, with only a reserve in behalf of decency; that they set a high value on liberty for its own sake; that they desire to give full scope to the principles of self-reliance in the people, deeming self-help immeasurably superior to help in any other form; that they distrust and dislike the centralization of power, and cherish municipal, local, even parochial liberties, as nursery grounds, not

only for the production here and there of able men, but for the general training of public virtue and independent spirit; and that they regard publicity as the vital air of politics, "through which alone, in its freest circulation, opinions can be thrown into common stock for the good of all, and the balance of relative rights and claims can be habitually and peaceably adjusted." Mr. Gladstone well says: "It would be difficult, in the case of any other pair of nations, to present an assemblage of traits at once so common and so distinctive as has been given in this probably imperfect enumeration."

Mr. Gladstone says expressly that the English do not contemplate the great republic in the spirit of mere optimism; nevertheless he calls attention to the fact that it bravely and vigorously grapples with the problem of making a continent into a State, and that while four or five millions of negroes were liberated by a bloody civil war the industry and exports of the South are maintained, whereas, after emancipating a million of negroes in her colonies, England found no better method of providing peace and order in Jamaica than by the hard, and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions. He also calls attention to the fact that while the civil war compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody 1,500,000 men, after the war, "Cincinnatus," no longer a unique example, became the type and mould of the nation, and the whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. "The thing that perhaps chiefly puzzles the inhabitants of the old country is why the American people should permit their entire existence to be continually disturbed by the business of the presidential elections; and still more, why they should raise to its maximum the intensity of this perturbation by providing, as we are told, for what is termed a clean sweep of the entire civil service, in all its ranks and departments, on each accession of a chief magistrate." Well, this is the thing that puzzles not a few of the inhabitants of the new world, and they fondly hope that this is a temporary aberration which in due time will be corrected. Certainly the time has been in England when they were ready to make an entire sweep of the civil service at every change of administration; and no one knows better than the ex-premier what was the cost of patronage and corruption all through the prolonged reign of George III. and down to 1832. It is on the ground that the courageous mother has done so bravely in this matter that the courageous child hopes to do as well.

Most instructive are Mr. Gladstone's observations in regard to "that curious marriage of competing influences and powers which bring about a composite harmony in the British constitution."

Nowhere is the orderly working of those several powers under the constitution, which might seem to work confusion, set forth more clearly and succinctly. Nowhere is there a better evidence of the good sense and good faith of the English people. We only wish there was some one on this side of the water who would be able to talk of our kin beyond sea with so much intelligence and frankness, and who would be so willing to recognize in them whatever is good and praiseworthy. "I will not close this paper," says Mr. Gladstone, "without recording my conviction that the great acts, and the great forbearances which immediately followed the close of the civil war, form a group which will ever be a noble object in his political retrospect to the impartial historian; and that, proceeding as they did from the free choice and conviction of the people, and founded as they were on the very principles of which the multitude is supposed to be the least tolerant, they have, in doing honor to the United States, also rendered a splendid service to the general cause of popular government throughout the world."

MOSAICS FROM THE EUCHARISTIC SCRIPTURES OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.*

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

There can be no question about the source from which the almost inspiration of to-day's beautiful collect is derived. The deaf man "in the midst of the coasts of Decapolis," to whose closed ears the news even of the Saviour's works of mercy could not have come, and whom the impediment of speech hindered from "making his requests known," is the type of our unreadiness to pray and of the exceeding littleness of what we desire. And the story of the Lord's compassion passing from one miracle in the borders of Tyre and Sidon to another on the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee, with the matter-of-course connection of St. Mark's record, "and again"; this—and the quickness of His ear to hear the silent entreaty of the deaf man's need, or the eager entreaties of his friends—this is the lesson of God, "readier to hear than we to pray," and wont to give "not only more than we deserve"—which would be little indeed—but more even than our most insatiable desires can ask. "Qui abundantia pietatis et tue, merita supplicum excedis et vota." The epistle certainly lends the force of its teaching to complete the figure, partly by the background of its contrast of "the ministration of death," which brings the figure of the Healer out in bold and brilliant relief; and partly by its teaching of "the ministration of the Spirit, the ministration of righteousness," through which those things are forgiven us, "whereof our conscience is afraid," and by whom those "good things are given which we are not worthy to ask."

Indeed, the very thought of the epistle is not the glorification of the person or the office of the minister. It is rather the manifestation

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of God's good gift of the Christian ministry to men. The apostle's "trust is through Christ to Godward"; even as in the miracle the man who had taken on Him the form of a servant "looked up to heaven" before He exercised His ministry of mercy. And through all his thankful recognition of the results of his work among the Corinthians, who were his "commendatory letter," St. Paul remembers that "his sufficiency" was not of himself, but "of God." They were the epistle of Christ, only ministered by him. And their conversion was wrought, as was the opening of the deaf man's ears, by the finger, that is, "the Spirit of the living God." It is God only who makes men "able ministers of the new covenant." And that *able* ministry is one of those good things which the abundance of God's mercy gives to men.

There is need of caution in the interpretation of the epistle, lest in our grateful estimate of the higher advantages in the Christian dispensation we disparage, unduly, either the Levitical law or the letter of Holy Scripture. The one was the ministration of death, because of man's disobedience to it. And the letter of the Scripture killeth only when it is without the Spirit. It is enough to remember, in order to prove this, that the same God who writes His law by the Spirit on the hearts of men, of old wrote His law with His own finger on the tables of stone. And we remember, also, that the letter of Scripture (the *γράμμα*) is controlled by God, for "holy men of old spake as they were borne along by the Holy Ghost," in "words which the Holy Ghost teacheth," "combining [*συνκρίνοντες*] spiritual things with spiritual," spiritual truths with spiritual words. St. Paul's distinction here between the Law and the Gospel is simply that the one contents itself with prohibitions and commands, and so ministers to the disobedient condemnation and death. Yet even so is it glorious as "the schoolmaster that led men unto Christ," and as a moral guide to duty and restraint from sin. Only the Gospel is "more glorious," which ministers the Spirit in whose strength men keep the Law, and which imparts righteousness where the other imposed penalties. And still again, the Gospel is the face of Moses unveiled. For it reveals in their full reality what the dim types and shadows of the Law half concealed. And in the light which the Gospel sheds back on the precepts and the prophecies of the Law we may look steadfastly on the face of Moses. As the Law is illuminated by the greater glory of "the prophet like unto Moses," the veil is taken also from the hearts of the readers of the Old Testament; so that they can read aright, and understand its hidden meanings revealed and fulfilled in Christ. And to this the ancient Scriptures pointed, not only in the type of Moses putting on and taking off the veil, but in the distinct prophecies, as of Jeremiah and Ezekiel: "I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, I will write My law in their hearts"; and again: "I will put a new spirit within you, and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh."

There is no better illustration of the letter killing, if it be apart from the Spirit which giveth life, than last Sunday's gospel furnished us of the Pharisee's *more*, and yet *more than*, keeping of the Law. The Latin proverb of "*hoerens in litera*," being "*hoerens in cortice*," at once enforces and explains it, and in the explanation shows us how the two must go together, the letter and the spirit

or however worthless the bark may be, yet muzzled and girdled trees soon lose their sap and die. And no more fatal folly ever was attempted than that of choosing between the two. Without the spirit the letter killeth; without the letter of the Law, the Gospel, the scripture, the spirit dieth.

It will be enough, in addition to this, to call attention to a thought dwelt on already in these papers at some length, of Christ's fulfillment, in this sense, of the Law. "Written and engraven in stones" at first, it is written now by the Spirit of the living God upon fleshly tables of the heart," that so, sinking in, it may reach down to and control the motives and the wills of men, not to keep only, but to love God's Law.

There is a very exquisite application of the Gospel miracle in this same line of teaching, by which it is made to illustrate the effect of the Incarnation of Christ upon the Jewish Church. Deaf and speechless she had become; not hearing, and not witnessing to Him. He touched her in His Incarnation. "The sigh of His Passion was followed by the Ephphatha of His Resurrection." And then, when He had not "looked up" only, but gone up to heaven, the power of the touch was felt; until, at Pentecost, Jews of the dispersion and of Jerusalem heard, and, after Pentecost, proclaimed to all lands "the wonderful works of God."

Our concern with the miracle, and the use the Church intends that we shall make of it, as we have seen in part, is closer and more personal. Recorded *only* by St. Mark, like the miracle of the healing of the blind man in Bethsaida, its record, like that, is marked with a peculiar accuracy of detail, which is, and is meant to be, for our instruction. No reverent mind can fail to feel that every slightest action of our Lord has meaning in it, if we will search it out. And while the miracles themselves prove alike God's power and God's pity—God's power never more than in the Master's miracles, "chiefly declared in mercy and pity"—the records of these miracles are evidence to us of these same things; extend the application of Almighty mercy to spiritual diseases and needs; and, at the same time, are very parables of wisdom, conveying truth in their every circumstance and act. So this deaf stammerer is the type of men who—partly by the inherited incapacity of sin, and partly by the voluntary closing of their ears—hear not the voice of God, which calls them to repent, believe, and live. Such people, *μωλῶλοι*, from their very deafness, have an impediment of speech. In all religious things—confessions of their sins, prayers, creeds, thanksgivings, the confession of Christ before men—they stammer, hesitate, and speak with difficulty, if at all. The problem of bringing such people within the reach of the only power that can make them hear is solved—here, as everywhere, when it is solved at all—by the power of intercessory prayer. As St. Ambrose told St. Monica of old, "It is impossible that the child of these prayers and tears should perish." Others bring this deaf man unto Christ." It is that mighty atmospheric influence of perpetual, prevailing, interceding prayer, in which the earth floats: the intercession of Christ; the unutterable groanings of the Spirit; the Church's prayer for all conditions of men; the personal supplications of men and women, everywhere, for those they love; these "bring men unto Christ." More and

more, as life goes on, we realize the next solution of this problem, *the taking men "aside from the multitude,"* when sickness or some sorrow withdraws them for a while from the deafening din of earthly occupations that fill the ears and hearts. How often so does God make good that strange word of Hosea, "I will allure her and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably," or, as the Hebrew has it, "speak to her heart."

After this comes the twofold act which brings to bear Christ's twofold nature, and in whose interpretation we seem to be taught the two sides of the sacraments. On the one hand there are the finger, the spittle, and the touch; on the other, the glance towards heaven, the sigh, the spoken word. It is plain enough, by the very variety of methods employed in the working of the Saviour's miracles, that God himself, tied to no means, is free to act as He will. It is as plain, in the application of these miraculous cures to our needs, that we are tied to the means which God appoints; whether it be "Siloam," or the "showing to the priest," or "go thy way, thy son liveth," or touch of finger, or lifting with hand, or moisture of mouth. *Whatever* is commanded by God, who is free to choose His means or to use none, *that we must* do. And there can be no doubt about what God does command us to do, in the use of "the outward and visible signs of His inward and spiritual grace." The gist of a sacrament on God's part is His *command*; on our part it is our *obedience*. And we must realize, using these outward means, that they are as the touch to us of Christ himself; His finger, the moisture of His body, even the water and the blood from His pierced side. While they assure to us that He who works in them "looks up to heaven," claims kinship with God, establishes a magnetic connection by which the Divine power is brought to bear upon our needs; "sighs," with that piteous and incessant intercession, of which the intense prayer on the night of the betrayal is but a faint expression; and speaks, *His own words*, even though they come to our ears upon the tones of another voice. For, as St. Mark records here, the very word, in the very language, which opened the ear and loosed the tongue of the deaf man; so to-day, in the very words, and with the very acts of their institution, the holy sacraments are consecrated and administered "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"; "Do this," "Take, eat," "Drink ye all." It is the word of Christ which gives them power; and in no truer sense than in the *perpetuation of His words*, that instituted His sacraments, has He made good His own saying, true alike of their utterance and of their power, "My words shall not pass away." It is Christ saying "Ephphatha" to the material means that opens and loosens them to give out their power.

Surely, alike, in giving and in forgiving, the Christian sacraments are the storehouses from which He "pours down the abundance of His mercy." If they who were "charged to tell no man of this miracle" could not forbear to publish it, how can we who are charged to proclaim the Gospel keep back the good news from those who need its gifts? His ears are not yet opened, nor the string of his tongue yet loosed, who has not learned to say, both in the invitation to others and in the adoration of his Lord: "He hath done all things well."

WM. CROSWELL DOANE.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

The Lambeth Conference has with laudable promptitude published the summary of its conclusions, which fully carries out the expectation which was expressed upon its assembling, that its deliberations would be of a practical character. It had not been convoked to ratify with real or seeming unanimity any strange dogma or novel pretension. Its task was neither to push forward nor to retract such prerogatives as the Anglican Church already possessed or desired to make good in face of the civil polity. Rather its task was to make abstraction of civil accidents, and calmly review those opportunities of moral and religious good which appertain to the spiritual mission of the body for which it claimed to speak. Composed, as it was, of representatives of several communities, each possessed of a legal status differing from that of all the others, although joined together by spiritual but very appreciable bonds of union, it recognized its inability to enact formally binding canons, and it had the prudence accordingly to confine itself to recommendations with which each of those communities is at liberty, according to its constitution, to deal in a formal way. Being a gathering of bishops of Churches in communion with each other, precisely because they all hold the episcopal regimen and supplement their paramount reliance on Scripture by referring to the creeds and the other conclusions of the primitive Church, the conference does not scruple to say so. By this acknowledgment it will no doubt subject itself to the sneers or criticisms of the Romanist who looks on Anglicanism as schism dashed with heresy; of the ultra-Protestant who taunts it as popery diluted, and of all those loosely-hanging members of its own body who stick to it in spite, not because, of its distinctive positions. Candid men, however, whether or not they are Anglicans, must own that so long as any body, spiritual or secular, continues to exist for the proclamation and furtherance of any opinions, the honest course is not to be afraid to proclaim them. Neither Romanism nor Wesleyanism has ever made the mistake of supposing that shamming the beliefs of any other community makes it popular with the persons whom it endeavors to court, for these are naturally apt to retort. If we are one in spiritual things, why make so great a difference in the minor matter of temporal possessions?

We warned the conference on a former occasion against the delusion of attempting to set up any Pan-Anglican patriarchate. The conference of 1867 had allowed itself to be somewhat beguiled by this *ignis fatuus* under the influence of very able men, who strangely forgot that, as there is no immortality in the person of any bishop, neither is there immutability in the convictions of the successive tenants of any see, however dignified. The recent gathering, wiser by ten years' fruitful experience, faced existing facts; and, while recommending in the colonies the formation of provincial tribunals, "are not prepared to recommend that there should be any one central tribunal of appeal from such provincial tribunals." At the same time suggestions are made for recognizing ulterior arbitration in the form of "some council of reference," to which of course the referring province would bind itself to listen, and it is added

that the opinion of such council should be given on the facts of the case sent up to it, and not upon any abstract question of doctrine. The painful, but, as experience has shown, possible, case of the trial of a bishop requires some other machinery, which is duly detailed. Suggestions are also offered for a provincial organization of the West Indian dioceses, which have hitherto stood—in consequence of their anomalous attitude between old establishment and new voluntarism—outside of the constitutional movement which has spread through other colonial Churches.

The constantly increasing concurrence in many places in Europe and elsewhere of the worship of the English and of the American Episcopal Church is, of course, always liable to produce friction, while it is a difficulty incapable of heroic solution. It is a matter into which the unknown quantity of personal tastes emphatically enters. The most canonical and logical arrangement is liable at any time to be upset by the pious conservatism of some energetic Londoner or New Yorker who refuses to lose his way in the pages of an unfamiliar Prayer Book. The conference, with considerable tact, faces the question in order to dismiss it with some conciliatory counsels of give-and-take, prudently qualified by the elastic as “a rule.”

The report deviates from the area of practical and internal recommendations to refer to the proclamation of papal infallibility by the Vatican Council, between the adjournment of the former conference and its own assembling. We do not think it could have avoided this topic—standing, as the meeting did, to the Anglican communion in a relation proportionate to that which the Vatican Council occupied towards the Churches subjected to the Roman obedience. It had to speak in order to liberate its own corporate conscience, and with no hope of carrying conviction to a single Roman Catholic; and what it says is moderate and dignified. This consideration gives the conference an opportunity of tendering a graceful recognition to the Old Catholic body, whose existence it could not overlook without committing a grave error both of taste and of policy. The Old Catholics are not, however, now in a position to be much benefited by merely civil words, and it is a satisfactory sequel to the conference that a meeting of some of its principal members, headed by the Bishop of Winchester, has held a direct consultation with one or two of the prominent leaders of the foreign movement. Old Catholicism, so far as it has organized itself in Germany and Switzerland, has already gone too far for the claim to be any longer admissible that its adherents are only men continuing to hold the ground on which they were standing before the Vatican Council. It is now distinctly a reformed and a reforming body, and its best prospect of reverently carrying out the reforms on which it is bent, in the spirit of that primitive Church to which it appeals, is to come to an understanding with those communities in Europe and America which now exist because they made the same experiment in former generations.

We quote these specimens of a report which travels over a wide range of subjects, merely as samples to show the sort of work upon which the conference was engaged with far too little time to give them any complete consideration, and under standing orders which, as we gather, were—no doubt in consequence of the lack of available time—unduly restrictive. One of the committee reports which are embodied in the general one takes up this complaint in language of due respect, and, in recommending similar gatherings from time to time, points out the arrangements which ought hereafter to be improved.

Wishing well, as we do, to Anglicanism, as a most powerful Christianizing and civilizing institution, alike in its character of establishment at home and of voluntary Church elsewhere, we very heartily concur in the desire that that which has so signally falsified the hopes of its enemies and the fears of its timid friends may be recognized and perpetuated at intervals of time sufficiently distant to make its gatherings realities, and with improvements in its procedure dictated by the experience of 1867 and of 1878. The complaints which, with more or less foundation, have been made about the migratory habits of colonial bishops, can certainly not be brought up against reunions separated from each other by spaces of some ten years, for a work so self-evidently useful and intelligible as mutual deliberation between men whose experience is as various as the climate or natural productions of the various colonies and federated States in which they are chief pastors.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE CANADIAN CHURCH; ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.*

BY THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Two centuries ago British North America was a blank, as far as Christianity was concerned; it was all darkness, without even a glimmering of light. The silver trumpet had never sounded along its shores proclaiming the welcome year of jubilee. No messenger of glad tidings had found his way into that land of boundless forests and mighty rivers. The wild Indian had his hunting-grounds, no one disputing his claim as monarch of all he surveyed—no one telling him the wondrous story of redeeming love, or of a heaven of eternal rest.

The first inroad upon heathenism was made by a body of Franciscans in 1615, who acted in cordial concurrence with Champlain, then governor of the French province of Canada. These early missionaries were received with suspicion, meeting with unparalleled dangers, which they manfully accepted for their Master's sake. And for more than a century they alone were the patient laborers in that unyielding soil, planting the standard of the cross where hitherto it had been unknown.

Up to the cession of Canada to the English crown, in 1759, little more than a century ago, the only form of religion in that land was Romanism. There were as yet no rival teachers, both settlers and missionaries being all Roman Catholics.

But now a new era began. Canada having fallen under the sway of Great Britain, and having become an English colony, there were those in the mother-country who yearned for its conversion. And here the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel stepped forward and entered upon its glorious work. All the first missionaries of the Church were sent out by that society. The field was anything but promising, and the work most difficult, inasmuch as the Indians were accustomed to a roving and unsettled life, and were ill prepared to accept the sober truths of the Gospel;

* A paper read at the 177th anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

and as for the French settlers, Romanism had struck its roots deeply among them.

It is supposed that in 1774 the whole population of Canada did not exceed 100,000, of whom only a few merchants and settlers were Protestants, numbering perhaps about 400.

“For the last hundred years then, and up to the present time, the society has never failed to act as the nursing mother of the Church in Canada. For a long period the clergy were, in the strictest sense, missionaries of that society, and were wholly dependent on it for their stipends. And whatever of spiritual success we have now attained, we must acknowledge that we owe it to those faithful and true men who made the first clearance in the spiritual wilderness, and in faith of future harvests cast in their seed which has brought forth so abundantly.”

It was not till 1793 that Canada was formed into a diocese of the Church of England, the bishop having then only six clergymen under his charge. Much money was expended by the society on these missions, and to this day she continues to aid our struggling dioceses.

But now how changed her history, and how prodigious her growth! The “little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.” “The branch of the Lord's planting” has grown into a wide-spreading tree, under which thousands have found a shelter.

The formation of Canada into an episcopal see was at the time a substantial mark of progress. But now that see may be said to have given birth to fourteen dioceses, each with its presiding bishop and his staff of clergy; and that Church, once so feeble, now covers the whole of British North America, from Newfoundland in the east to Columbia in the west, and from Athabasca in the north to the United States in the south.

And I pass on to speak briefly of the existing organization of the Church in that country.

The vast Dominion of Canada now numbers, as I have said, fourteen dioceses, between four and five thousand clergymen, about five hundred thousand Church members, and perhaps sixty-five thousand communicants.

Nine of these dioceses (namely, Montreal, Fredericton, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Quebec, Toronto, Huron, Niagara, and Algoma) constitute the ecclesiastical province, over which in the providence of God, I have been called to preside during the past nine years. There is some little difference in the administration of these several dioceses, but in the main their machinery is alike.

To begin with the lowest point in the scale, we have our parochial system, though not of course so definitely mapped out as in England. Every congregation is formed either into a mission, a parish, or a rectory. It is called a mission when it receives the ministrations of a clergyman whose stipend is supplied entirely, or nearly so, by the Church fund of the diocese. It is called a parish when it includes within its limits a church and parsonage, and also provides at least one half of the stipend of its clergyman. The most complete organization, however, is that of the rectory, which is entirely self-supporting, dependent upon the voluntary offerings of its own parishioners, and having, or not having, as the case may be, a local endowment of its own.

Each parish has its two churchwardens, the one appointed by the clergyman and the other elected by the votes of the vestry. These,

* Charge of Bishop Fulford.

with the clergyman, form a corporate body, in whom is vested any property belonging to the Church, if not vested in the bishop of the diocese.

The method of appointing the clergyman varies slightly in our several dioceses. In my own, for instance, the bishop appoints to all missions and parishes, whilst in the case of rectories (or self-supporting parishes) the vestry sends him two names, from which, if he approves, he selects one.

The stipends of our clergy vary from six hundred to eight or nine hundred dollars, according to the nature of the case and the capabilities of the congregation. In our cities of course a higher scale of salary prevails.

And here I may state that our Church funds are derived from the following sources:

First, from the residue of certain clergy reserves, presented, as you are aware, by the English crown in the reign of George the Third, and no doubt originally intended solely for the support of the clergy of our Church, but subsequently divided by act of parliament between the Presbyterians and ourselves.

Secondly, from an annual grant made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, given originally for the nurture of the infant Church in Canada, and continued, at a gradually diminishing rate, to some of our dioceses up to the present time.

Thirdly, from a sustentation fund, which has been raised in most of our dioceses, the interest of which is now available for the support of mission work.

From these four sources our expenses in each diocese are defrayed.

Having now spoken of our parochial organization, I come next to our diocesan divisions, which are of course much more extensive in area, but far more sparsely populated than in England. The diocese of Montreal, for instance, numbers at present eighty-five working clergy and about 37,000 Church members. Its extent is about 250 miles in length and 100 in breadth.

In each diocese the bishop is elected by the vote of the clergy and laity taken in synod. This vote used to be final, requiring no confirmation by any other body. At the last synod, however, a modified confirming power was vested in the consecrating bishops.

Each diocese has its own synodical meeting once a year, the representative body consisting of all the clergy and two lay delegates from each parish. Its acts are valid when assented to by the three orders, the clergy, the laity, and the bishop. Within the diocese we have also our ruridecanal organization, which, though not considered essential to our Church system, and not necessarily prevailing in every diocese, is yet a very valuable portion of our ecclesiastical machinery.

My own diocese, for example, is divided into four rural deaneries, each comprising about twenty parishes. Each rural deanery holds its meeting or chapter once a year, or oftener if necessary, and is attended by the clergy of the several parishes, the churchwardens, and also the lay delegates, and is presided over by the rural dean, unless the bishop is present.

Then, thirdly, we have our further division into ecclesiastical provinces, for which we have the example of the early Church, dating as far back as the fourth century.

The synod of the province meets triennially, but oftener if needed, being presided over by the metropolitan. It consists of two houses, the upper being composed of the several bishops of the province, and the lower consisting of twelve of each order selected by the several dioceses; so that the number of the lower house, if all attended, would be 216.

This provincial synod regulates matters which are common to the whole province, whilst the various diocesan synods confine themselves to the affairs of their respective dioceses; no proposition being valid until it has received the sanction of both houses, and no canon or alteration of the constitution coming into operation until it has been confirmed at a subsequent session.

Our external relation to the mother Church in England is, in one sense, gradually lessening. A few years back our bishops received their appointments directly from the crown by letters patent. This privilege has, however, been relinquished by the home government. Our clergy also, instead of coming from England, almost as a matter of course as they once did, are now more commonly supplied by the Canadian Church itself. Our spiritual relation, however, to the mother Church is as strong, or stronger, than ever.

The following words occur in the formal declaration of our constitution:

"We desire that the Church in this diocese or province shall continue as it has been, an integral portion of the Church of England."

Such is our Canadian Church organization, almost identical with that of the Episcopal Church in the States, and formed in some measure from it. And I may truly say of both, that I know of no ecclesiastical polity more complete, or more strictly in accordance with the primitive model. But no Church system, however nearly it may approach to the Divine pattern, can succeed, or diffuse prosperity around it, unless its machinery be set in motion by a higher hand than ours. We may be very careful as to our framework, and very choice in the selection of our workmen, but "except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

And now a very few words as to our hopes.

As regards our synodical system, I must admit that there is a certain evil connected with our annual synodal gatherings, inasmuch as they supply a platform for party conflicts, and serve oftentimes as a rallying point for men of strife. On the other hand they afford a safety-valve for murmurings which would otherwise be stifled; and I believe that we are gradually educating ourselves into far greater self-control than we were formerly wont to display. I myself regard the synod as an essential feature in our Church system, without which it would be imperfect. As regards our mission work, I believe that there is among us at the present time a healthy and earnest missionary spirit which never showed itself so strongly as it has done of late. We have certainly awakened up to this important duty, and our Church is assuming a far more aggressive attitude than it ever did before.

Our parishes, too, are slowly but gradually rising up toward the higher standard of self-support; and I see no reason why in four or

five years' time they may not liberate the society in England from those most generous grants, which they can so ill afford to continue. As to our supply of clergy, we have of late years had reason to complain of a lack of candidates for Holy Orders. That want is, I am thankful to say, becoming less and less urgent. I have established in my own diocese a theological college in addition to that which we have in common with the neighboring Diocese of Quebec; for experience tells me that to fit men for their work they should be trained on the spot and under the eye of those from whom they are to receive their commission, and this seems to be the opinion of those who addressed us this morning. Our very want, however, has, I believe, been a blessing to us, since it has made us feel the necessity of looking upwards to Him who by His Holy Spirit is able to constrain men to give themselves for the work, and can alone fit and prepare them for it. Much earnest prayer has been offered, especially on the day annually set apart as a day of intercession for missions—a day which I rejoice to think has brought down a very large blessing on our Church both abroad and at home, and has served to remind us that missionary success is of God, and not of man.

With reference to other Christian bodies, I would say that our Church in Canada holds a very favorable position. She commands the respect of those who are separated from her, and her zeal and impression in my own mind that the Church in Canada is destined at no distant day to become the focus around which the scattered bodies shall be gathered. There is at this time a general yearning after unity; and what Church can present a platform so fitted as ours for uniting the various fragments of a divided Christendom? May He who is the author of peace and the lover of concord bring about in His own good time and by His own best, but perhaps unlooked-for, means so desirable a result.

I am unwilling to close this paper without giving expression to my thankfulness to God that He has in the last few years drawn our sister Churches, the Episcopal Church of America, our own Church in Canada, and this beloved Church here in England, into much closer union one with the other. And my earnest prayer is that we may be drawn much closer still for the building up of one great and united brotherhood, which shall show to the world, by its fruits of holy zeal and love, that God is with us of a truth.

ENGLISH COLONIAL BISHOPS.

In an article under this heading, the *Guardian* presents a contrast between, we will not say two kinds of bishops, but two kinds of episcopal action represented in the persons of two prelates—the Bishop of Newcastle, South Wales, and the Metropolitan of Canada—whose personal worth can in neither case be questioned. It writes as follows:

Bishop Tyrrell was consecrated in 1847, and has thus been more than thirty years engaged in episcopal work. His synod refers in feeling terms "to his incessant and devoted attention to the affairs of the diocese, without any relaxation during the long period of more than thirty years." The bishop has never visited England since his consecration. In January last year he wrote to a friend in England:

"NEWCASTLE, January 18th, 1877.

"On the 31st of the present month I shall complete my seventieth year, and am now in the thirtieth year of my episcopate, having been consecrated on St. Peter's day, 1847, with Bishop Gray, of Capetown, deceased; Bishop Short, still at Adelaide; and Bishop Perry, returned to England; and as I have never yet rested from my episcopal duties, I hope not to be compelled to do so until I am summoned by my blessed Saviour to my final rest above."

Indeed the good bishop appears from the first to have so thoroughly identified himself with the land of his adoption as to have invested his private fortune in Australian property—a fact which enables him to make the splendid, almost unparalleled, gifts to his diocese which are announced in this letter to his synod. A scheme for the endowment of the diocese and its institutions was propounded in 1865, and some small beginnings have been made toward its realization. The endowment of the bishopric has been secured, and something had been done, though very little, toward making provision for the clergy and for one or two of the officials. The Diocese of Newcastle has been treated as other colonial Churches similarly situated. The salaries allotted by the government from public funds as the present incumbents

have been thrown exclusively upon its own resources. This policy, the political expediency or necessity of which it is beside our present purpose to discuss, has worked harshly in many of our colonies, and bade fair to cripple, if not worse, the Church's work in the Diocese of Newcastle. Bishop Tyrrell has at one stroke changed the whole prospect, and carried the scheme proposed by himself into the most complete effect, by bestowing or bequeathing the whole of the property required to secure for his diocese an endowment of a quarter of a million sterling. This principal sum will provide for the income of bishop, archdeacon, and three canons; and also salaries of £100 a year for forty clergymen, the present number in the diocese being twenty-six. It transpires incidentally that the several congregations themselves are expected to raise this amount for their incumbents to £200 or £300 a year. The bishop's generosity has also secured liberal funds for retiring pensions for superannuated clergy, for giving rest and change to sick clergy, for a clerical college, and for the religious education of the young. The payment of the clergy is, in part at least, provided for at present by the fact that many of the government salaries are still in existence; and the future payments, as well as the creation of the group of important funds last mentioned above, are ensured by the bishop's gift to his diocese of two landed estates, estimated, at a low computation, to produce £20,000 and £5,000 per annum respectively.

It is, of course, few that have the means for such munificence as this, fewer still that have the self-denial and the piety to apply large means thus, even if other claims on them would permit. But it is apparent that Bishop Tyrrell's bounty has grown out of affection for a land which he has made his home. He quotes, naturally enough, the lines of Wordsworth:

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts";

and claims somewhat of a parent's love and

devotedness for a diocese of which he is the first bishop, to which he has dedicated the most and the best working years of his life—all his years, indeed, since the providence of God called him to work in it—in which he means to end as he has spent his days. Nothing else or less could have suggested the complete and comprehensive scheme which the bishop describes, involving as it does a thorough and minute acquaintance with its diocese, its history, and its needs. Bishop Tyrrell has set in every way a noble example, which, we will make bold to say, was very much needed.

Our Canadian correspondent makes some very just and appropriate remarks on the retirement of Bishop Oxenden, which, we must again say, we deem to be a step very much to be regretted. "His influence was growing steadily, and the Church at large was learning to appreciate his excellence and to love him warmly." No doubt; and this is just the crisis at which Bishop Oxenden throws up his work, and hands over his diocese, evidently at a critical time, to the inevitable disorganization of a vacancy, and to the perils and uncertainties attendant on the election of a successor. That he is a good man and a good bishop we well believe; so much the greater the loss to his diocese. That he always intended to retire after a certain period of service we believe also; and we should have seen in such a purpose a good reason against his going out at all. An inferior man who will give all he is and has to the work before him is better by far than a clever man who hankers ever after his English home and counts the days until his exile is ended. Our English dioceses are protected now by law against the confusions and unsettlements produced by the old system of translations from see to see. The younger Churches in the colonies have far more need to be secured against frequent and sudden changes in their administration; those due to the uncertainties of this mortal state are quite as much as they can well bear—especially now, when they are, in many cases, impoverished and weakened by the withdrawal of State subsidies.

In truth, these are days in which the Divine words, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back," with their sequence, need to be repeated with much emphasis. We see our colonial prelates back for the Lambeth Conference with very great pleasure. We see them occasionally, and are glad to welcome them when they return for a temporary visit to old friends, or to stir up the interest of the mother Church in her daughters. We will admit that personal or domestic circumstances may occasionally justify or even require retirement from a far distant and perhaps a tropical or semi-arctic field of labor. Yet such circumstances and the conditions of climate or otherwise ought to be well weighed before the solemn responsibility of presiding over a diocese is undertaken; and when it is undertaken, it ought, as a rule, to be the work of the life. It is not a cheering or edifying feature of Church history in these times, that almost every year witnesses the return to England of one or two, or even two or three, colonial bishops, who have thrown up the work solemnly entrusted to them by Christ and the Church whilst health and strength still remain, and appear as candidates for promotion in England. Naturally they form a class that is not popular with the clergy at large, and we

shrink from the attempt to echo what falls from the lips of those who are not mealy-mouthed in speaking their minds. It is not by half-hearted service—not by men who keep sedulously open the door of return behind them—that the Church of Christ ever was, or is, or can be, founded and built up in heathen or semi-civilized lands. The bishops must make their home in the country that gives them the title, the station, and the honor of bishop, as do the colonists who found there the new communities which spread the name and the empire of England round the world. A man who cannot resolve to stay in his diocese had infinitely better decline to go at all.—*Scottish Guardian*.

PROSPECTS OF THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND.

We gave on August 3d a brief abstract of the statistical report on the progress of the Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland, which was made by Bishop Herzog to the synod held at Aarau. A comparison of the bishop's statement with the statistical reports of former years and with the statistics of the Church of Rome in Switzerland will give our readers a clearer view both of the present condition of the Christian Catholic Church of Switzerland and of its prospects in the future.

The bishop's report itself states that in comparison with the preceding year there was an increase of five in the number of priests (75), of 624 in the number of children under religious instruction (3,606), of 133 in the number of young persons admitted to the Holy Communion (1,018), of 71 in the number of persons buried by the priests of the Church (713); there was on the other hand a decrease of 82 in the number of baptisms (1,100), and of 43 in the number of marriages (233). The number of parishes is this year reported as 61; last year it was not stated, but two years ago it was 55; so that during the last two years the increase of organized parishes has been 6. Two years ago the number of persons in connection with Old Catholic parishes and societies was 73,380. This year it is computed at from 80,000 to 95,000, indicating an increase of from 7,000 to 22,000. Though the majority of the congregations speak French, the German congregations exhibit a larger aggregate membership and a more rapid progress during the past year. German Switzerland, as the bishop states, exceeds the 32 parishes of French Switzerland from which reports have been received by 1,200 in the number of children under religious instruction, by 618 in the number of young persons admitted to Holy Communion, by 404 in the number of baptisms, by 166 in the number of marriages, and by 123 in the number of burials. The bishop adds that he confidently hopes that the end of the present year will witness a much more considerable progress.

During the few weeks which have passed since the meeting of the synod the Christian Catholics have received several important accessions, which seem to realize fully the bishop's hopes. The most important of these is the full organization of the Church in the city of St. Gall. The congregation of St. Gall is one of the largest of all Switzerland, but the legal difficulties obstructing a formal separation from the adherents of Rome had caused the postponement of an independent organization until recently, when the inauguration of a regular worship was celebrated by a grand

estival. The first pastor of the congregation is Mr. Adolph Gschwind, formerly vicar at Zurich, and a relative of one of the most prominent priests of the Church. His installation by Bishop Herzog took place in the presence of Bishop Reinkens, of Germany, and many of the leading men of the canton, among whom two landammans, Curti and Thuli, expressed their entire sympathy with the cause. The Old Catholic papers of Switzerland represent the celebration of St. Gall as one of the greatest triumphs which the Christian Catholic Church has won since its foundation. The canton of St. Gall has a larger Catholic population than any of the other cantons except Lucerne and Tessin, and the number of Catholics who are opposed to Ultramontanism has always been so large that the organization of several more Christian Catholic congregations may now be confidently expected.

On the Sunday preceding the installation of Pastor Gschwind at St. Gall, Bishop Herzog inaugurated the Christian Catholic worship in another church of the Canton of Aargau, at Wegenstetten. As now most of the large Catholic congregations of Aargau have connected themselves with the Christian Catholic Church, it is believed that many more of the smaller ones will soon follow.

On July 30th the inauguration of the Christian Catholic worship took place in three more Catholic churches of the canton of Geneva.

In the canton of Neuchâtel a Liberal Catholic society was organized at the close of July, owing to a powerful address by Leon Léché, the editor of the *Réforme Catholique*, of Paris.

Adding the new parish of St. Gall to those mentioned in the bishop's report, the Christian Catholic Church is now permanently organized in eight of the twenty-two city cantons. The following table exhibits the total and the Catholic population of these cantons in 1870 according to the last official census, the number of Catholic parishes in 1865, and of Christian Catholic parishes contributed in 1878:

Cantons.	Total pop.		Catholic pop.		Christian Catholic parishes.	
	1870.	1870.	1870.	1870.	1865.	1878.
Aargau.....	198,874	89,180	73	10		
Basel city.....	47,760	12,303	11	1		
Basel country.....	54,135	10,249	11	1		
Bern.....	506,561	66,007	70	30		
Geneva.....	94,116	48,340	23	12		
Neuchâtel.....	97,286	11,329	7	1		
St. Gall.....	191,096	116,130	104	1		
Solothurn.....	74,718	62,078	69	5		
Zurich.....	284,867	17,944	3	1		
Total.....	1,549,413	440,762	360	62		

The aggregate Catholic population of these eight cantons constitutes more than two fifths of the entire Catholic population of Switzerland. The governments of all these cantons protect and favor the Christian Catholic Church. In all of them, especially in the German cantons of Aargau, St. Gall, and Solothurn, a number of further accessions may be expected.

Among the fourteen cantons which have as yet no Christian Catholic congregation there are five and a half in which the Protestant population predominates, and in which the cantonal governments may be supposed to sympathize with the reformatory movement. The religious statistics of these cantons are as follows:

Cantons.	Tot. pop.		Cath. pop.		Cath. par.	
	1870.	1870.	1870.	1870.	1865.	1878.
Appenzell (outer Rhodes).....	48,734	2,861	—	—		
Glarus.....	35,150	6,896	3	—		
Graubünden.....	91,794	39,853	93	—		
Schaffhausen.....	37,721	3,051	2	—		
Thurgau.....	93,306	23,456	12	—		
Vaud.....	231,506	17,530	52	—		
Total.....	538,213	83,249	162	—		

We are not informed whether any beginning of a permanent organization has been made in any of these cantons by the establishment of societies. Adding the Catholic population of these cantons to that of the first group, we find that more than one half of the Catholic population of Switzerland lives under cantonal government which may be expected to protect and favor the reformatory Church.

In eight and a half cantons, finally, the Church of Rome still retains a firm hold both of the large majority of the population and of the cantonal government. They are: Lucerne (132,337 inhabitants), Tessin (119,569), Wallis (97,081), Freiburg (110,897), Schwyz (47,707), Unterwald (26,113), Zug (20,993), Appenzell, Inner Rhodes (11,914). Although the constitution of Switzerland guarantees to every inhabitant the free exercise of his religion, it would not be safe for the friends of the Christian Catholic Church in most parishes of these cantons to attempt an organization. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that in the largest Catholic city of Switzerland—Lucerne—the Christian Catholics are in a considerable majority, and that only their hope to take with them the Church property delays their organization as an independent congregation. The firm establishment of the Christian Catholic Church in the canton of Lucerne at an early date may be regarded as fully secured. A similar hope may be entertained with regard to the canton of Tessin, the government of which was formerly, for many years, in the hands of a liberal, anti-Ultramontane party.

On the whole, the prospects of the Christian Catholic Church in Switzerland are much more favorable than in any other country of Europe. Her further progress will, of course, to a large extent depend upon the soundness of the religious life that will characterize her members.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

AUGUST 19th, 1878.

Our government has closed the session with one great boon to the Church, the Bishops Act. It was grievously suspected that amongst the number of measures which are annually sacrificed during the hurry and confusion of the final settlements at the end of six months' hard work, this would be allowed to drop, and the Church newspapers which so eagerly support the opposition had already begun to expose the rottenness of the staff on which we leaned. For, as your readers know, it is one of the penalties we have to pay for our independent and highly educated clergy, planted, free of expense, in every hamlet in the realm, that we can only add to our episcopate by the consent of parliament. This consent is difficult to obtain, and no government has been strong enough to press the question till that of Lord Beaconsfield came in. We had two new bishops allowed us the year before last, and now we have four more, the only addition of any magnitude which has been made for more than 300 years. The funds came from private sources, chiefly episcopal, the largest contribution from the latter quarter being made by the much-abused Bishop Baring, of Durham, a Low Churchman. The Bishopric of Newcastle will take the great county of Northumberland off his hands. So strong is the desire for the increase of the episcopate that we anticipate but little delay in providing the necessary funds, and even expect to find cathedrals and canonries supplied for each of the new sees in a few years. Thus, amidst all our losses and disquietudes, the Church steadily progresses, perhaps all the more because of its difficulties. I forget whether I mentioned the magnificent action taken by the Australian bishop, Tyrrell of Newcastle. If not, it may be well to record that he has presented to his diocese a sum of £500,000, equal, I suppose, to \$2,500,000, to be divided out in the most judicious way for the endowment of the clergy, chapter, college, and the

other ecclesiastical wants of the people over whom he has ruled, without once coming to England, for thirty years. He is one of the old-fashioned High Churchmen, penetrated with the sense of the value of our English institutions, having successfully carried out all such ideas through a long episcopate, and who is resolved to leave that one part of the world at least as much like his own old country as one man's ability, foresight, and money can make it in the future. The funds arise out of successful investments in land made when he commenced his beneficent career, with a view to what he has now done. It is given to few to "see what he foresaw" so completely and happily.

While on good bishops, I ought to notice the remarkable gathering at Southampton contrived by the Rev. Basil Wilberforce in honor of the memory of the bishop, his father. Among the many memorials of that remarkable man, some of which have been failures and some successes, this of a restored church in his son's parish seemed by no means the most hopeful; for there was really no connection between the two things of any very obvious kind. However, the son possesses no little of the father's energy and dexterity, though very little of his other extraordinary gifts, if indeed we may except rhetorical power, on which point there is a great similarity; and he has been able to enlist the good will of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the cause, besides laying under contribution a considerable array of his father's old friends. To meet such distinguished guests many other great people were willing to come, and the people of Southampton were only too glad to have a fête day; so that the ceremony has been a great success, and the church may be considered as virtually paid for—no small benefit to an overgrown place which has had no adequate provision made for its wants during its modern growth.

The mention of this energetic young clergyman reminds me of the controversy now going on amongst us on the subject of the degree in which those who are interested in the temperance movement ought to be governed by the total abstinents. The Church of England Temperance Society has made an astonishing advance during the three or four years of its existence; and it has succeeded because, for the first time in the course of the movement, the assistance has been gained of that very large class of people who cannot join in the usual and, I must say, vulgar, diatribes on the use of liquor of every description with which our patience has been so long tried. The moderate use of spirituous liquors has seemed to these people recognized in the Bible, useful for a large part of mankind, and necessary for very many. By them total abstinence is only considered as a remedy for confirmed drunkards, and as a desirable thing for healthy young or even middle-aged people. *Est modus in rebus* has been their motto. They have thus held aloof till now; but they have been especially pained, at least the Churchmen among them, by the hold which their separation from the movement has given to the dissenters, who have hitherto been the chief total abstinents. No sooner did one of a Church congregation sign the temperance pledge than he began to go to chapel and give up church; and it was hard that people who were likely to make the best members of society should be thus stolen away. But now that the machinery has been set in operation very largely, the moderate men discover that they are only tolerated, the whole management being in the hands of the thoroughgoing men; and indeed they not unfrequently find themselves sitting under some vehement advocate of totality, who does not scruple to attack his coadjutor quite as vigorously as the more legitimate objects of his fiery denunciation. The two juvenile clergymen who inherit Bishop Wilberforce's name and eloquence are the most frequent offenders in this way; but the thing is exceedingly common, and has at last found vehement expression in the *Guardian* and other newspapers. It is to be hoped that the breeze will blow over, and the movement recover the force which proceeds from union. It is a great and holy movement; it would be a shame that it should fail for want of ordinary discretion.

Before I leave ecclesiastical or quasi-ecclesiastical subjects I may notice the reversal of Lord Penzance's judgment in the case of our peccant ritualists at the hands of the Court of Queen's

Bench, which has decided that the new court created by the Public Worship Act has gone beyond its powers, and has accordingly set free Messrs. Mackonochie, Edwards, and the rest once more. No doubt next session parliament will take some step to give that power to the bishops which at present they do not possess. Some order and discipline, however lax, there must be. We are just now a laughing-stock to all who are disposed to make merry at our expense. Next I must mention the very happy choice made by the government of a new Dean of Peterborough in the room of Dr. Saunders. Dr. Stewart Perowne must be known on your side of the Atlantic as well as ours, for his theological works, especially one on the Psalms. He is a sound and courageous Churchman of the Prayer Book type, a moderate High Churchman who has given way to none of the modern extravagances on either side, yet earnest, able, and influential.

I must also notice the useful and effectual stand which is being made by Canon Trevor and Mr. Garry in the *Guardian* against the growing and pernicious practice of non-communicant attendance. Dr. Bright, of Oxford, who has supported the ritualists for many years with a powerful controversial pen, has been completely refuted by these gentlemen, and I don't think they can have much more to say for themselves. Not that this will stop the progress of "the mass" amongst us. It has great fascinations for those who have already started on the wrong course, and its advocates cannot long remain in connection with us.

I have left small space for a notice of the summary of our political history with which our papers are filled; but perhaps I have said enough about it in previous letters. The excitement caused by the measures of the queen and her ministers has subsided in England, and it is not very pronounced on the continent. Turkey is slowly recognizing its situation; Austria is (with some difficulty) occupying the provinces for which she has become responsible; and Greece is beginning to see she must wait for that "future" which Lord Beaconsfield tells her she has in store.

ENGLAND.

MIXED MARRIAGES.—A memorial signed by 115 clergymen was sent to the Bishop of Lincoln asking instructions in the case of being requested to unite a Christian and Jew in marriage. It will be remembered that such a marriage took place not many months ago, occasioning a good deal of unfavorable comment. In reply his lordship, after expressing his doubts about the likelihood of such a contingency, said: "But if it should arise, I would observe, that inasmuch as the marriage in question had been performed at the registrar's office before the parties came to church, there can be no reasonable doubt that in such circumstances a clergyman would be fully justified in declining to use such a service as that of Holy Matrimony in our Book of Common Prayer, which proceeds on the supposition that the parties for whom it is used have *not been married*, and which cannot, I conceive, be used consistently if the parties have been married already. Besides, even on the supposition that the parties to such a marriage have not been previously married, then the proposed marriage must be solemnized (if solemnized at all) either after banns or by license. In the case of banns, the clergyman of the parish would have previous notice and knowledge of the parties, and he would tell them that he could not in conscience use the solemn service in the Prayer Book in the case of such persons as the Jews unhappily are, who make it a part of their religion to say that our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was a deceiver, and was justly put to death as such. In the case of license, which is a thing that is granted by favor and cannot be demanded as a right, I believe that there is no surrogate in this diocese who would, in the circumstances, grant a license for the purpose of the solemnization of a marriage, with the service in the Prayer Book for holy matrimony in a church."

SUNDAY TRADING.—In accordance with an order recently issued by the Duke of Bedford, all Sunday trading is henceforth to be prohibited at Covent-garden market. The reason for the introduction of the new rule is said to be that

a rather noisy set of people were attracted to the market, and that the decorum which should be observed on Sunday was occasionally disregarded, but the natural wish of the superior officials that their subordinates should have as little as possible to do on the Sabbath day also influenced them largely in asking for the alteration.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—The Bishop of Exeter, in giving a decision in a ritual dispute at St. Paul's, Devonport, said: "I see on the one side a carping spirit of criticism, ready to suspect, prone to find fault, disposed to magnify trifles into serious offences. I see on the other side a very culpable and selfish indifference to the pain and alarm which is caused by needless innovations. The changes that have been introduced, however harmless in themselves, ought not to have been introduced without first ascertaining that they would not give offence to any parishioner attending the church, and those who complained of those changes ought to have shown while complaining a much more tolerant, more reverent, more charitable spirit. It is clear that the only decision that can be given in such a dispute is the legal decision. The candles must not be lighted except for the purpose of giving light. The chalice must not be mixed. The gate of the communion rails removed without authority must be replaced. As the court would in all probability if applied to grant a confirmatory faculty for candles, the vases, and the brass cross, it would be absurd to order such small matters to be taken away because a faculty for accepting them from the donors had not been obtained. But I entreat both sides to consider how very lowering a spectacle is presented by such disputes as these before the eyes of all the enemies of the Church. I entreat the laity not to be so ready to treat these trifles as matters of serious concern; and I entreat the clergy not to provoke such quarrels, which far more than undo the good of their best and most devoted work."

NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE VATICAN.—The *Standard* correspondent at Rome has good authority for stating that Cardinal Nina, perceiving the present moment to be one unfavorable for reestablishing diplomatic relations with England, and observing that the Roman Catholic Church could not enjoy greater liberty than she does in that country, has decided to leave things as they are at present. The same writer says that certain cardinals being aware that Cardinal Nina encourages the pope in his desire to leave the Vatican, have declared in private conference that should such counsels prevail the State secretary will cease to have their support.

ST. JAMES'S, HATCHAM.—This unhappy church is again dragged into public notice. It seems that the use of incense had been discontinued, but some zealous member of the choir made the building fragrant with incense before the beginning of the service. The rector was accused of complicity with the transaction, which he denied. Abusive words followed in the church and in newspaper correspondence.

THE LATE BISHOP SELWYN.—A friend whose guest Bishop Selwyn often was writes of him: "Whenever he stayed in a settler's house his great desire seemed to be to give no trouble. He would insist on carrying his own travelling-bags, would always tidy his room, and make his own bed, and I have known him surreptitiously to wash his own clothes. This was done with the knowledge that in New Zealand servants are scarce, and that the ladies of the household do many things for themselves and their families which ladies are not accustomed to do in England. He also refused to take wine when he was a settler's guest, not on grounds of total abstinence, but because he knew that in out-stations wine was expensive. His own hospitality was profuse but simple; indeed, he kept open house. Every one who came to Auckland was welcomed, and knew that formal invitation was not needed. 'I give good advice but bad dinners,' he used to say. The 'badness' being only a synonyme for wholesome roast and boiled." To New Zealand his thoughts returned in his last hours, and those islands were the green fields of which he babbled. In their history, at all events, he will have an immortal place."

ST. VEDAST'S, FOSTER LANE.—The *City Press*, says that the churchwardens of St. Vedast's,

Foster lane, have affixed to the doors of the church of St. Vedast a lengthy "representation of the unlawful acts of the Rev. T. Pelham Dale, rector. The facts of the case are as follows: The Bishop of Exeter wrote two letters to the private residence of Mr. Dale, of which no notice was taken. His lordship then sent a registered letter to the church of St. Vedast, which was refused on two separate occasions. Notice was now given to Mr. Horwood, as churchwarden, that the matter had so far failed; and the Bishop of Exeter having determined to affix a "representation" upon the church door, this was done in Mr. Horwood's presence. It should be said the Bishop of Exeter has been appointed under the queen's sign-manual to take up the case, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London being unable, the patrons of the Church, to act in the matter. The "representation" consists of thirteen lengthy statements, accusing the rector of making unlawful additions to the ornament and furniture of his church, and of using unlawful decoration and of failing to observe the ordinances of the Common Prayer Book. A second copy of this has been sent by hand to the private residence of Mr. Dale, and it is understood that the churchwardens will now be able to proceed actively with the work of prosecution.

THE BISHOPS' BILL.—This bill, after a protracted struggle, was passed before the adjournment of parliament, which took place on the 16th of August. Alluding to it in a recent speech the Bishop of Durham said that it was impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that a very hard battle had to be fought between the Church and dissenters. The bill was only a permissive one, enable Churchmen to found a new see when the funds could be obtained—not from any public source, but from private subscriptions of Churchmen themselves. He observed that Mr. Cowe, to whom he gave all credit for his honest convictions, had in this matter scarcely acted fairly, but had grounded his objections to the bill, not on the state of things at present existing in the Church, but on statistics taken years ago. The question as to whether the number of bishoprics ought to be increased or not was one on which there might fairly be a difference of opinion. For himself, and as far as his diocese was concerned, he believed it would work for the benefit of the Church; but he was sorry to see the dissenters on this question of the efficiency of the Church, which did not affect them in any way, refusing to allow the bill to be passed till the Church was disestablished and disendowed. As an illustration of the different state in which things now are from what they were a few years ago, he instanced the parishes of Bywell St. Andrew's and Bywell St. Peter's, where, within a very short time, two old churches had been restored, one church enlarged, and two new ones built; and this was only an illustration of what was going on throughout the diocese.

MEMORIAL TO BISHOP WILBERFORCE.—On Monday, August 12th, the Prince of Wales laid the corner-stone of St. Mary's church, Southampton, which is to be a memorial to the late Bishop Wilberforce. It is to be 168 by 89 feet with tower and spire of 200 feet.

THE AMERICAN BISHOPS.—We cut the following item from the *John Bull*: Some eight of the American bishops have left Wells, after spending a week with the Bishop and Lady Arthur Herve, seeing most of the places of interest in the neighborhood, and something of English country life. They took part in the anniversary festival of the Bath and Wells Diocesan Society, the Bishop of St. Albans being the preacher. Mr. Paget, M.P., assured them of the warm interest of the laity in the Lambeth Conference, and as to the perfect unity of feeling, at which English and American bishops alike bore witness. The Bishop of Bath and Wells said that he regarded the visit of the American prelates as cementing the bonds of union between the two countries as well as Churches.

The *English Churchman* of August 22d says: "The American bishops are beginning to 'make tracks,' to use a genuine Yankee phrase, for their native land, and, in the addresses which they are delivering in various parts of England, they are echoing, with evident sincerity and cordiality, the words of Bishop Stevens at the closing service of the Lambeth Conference,

cognition of English hospitality and in admiration of the Church of the mother-country. That the welcome accorded to the right reverend prelates has been thus genial and hearty must be a matter for congratulation to all English churchmen, and as the bishops return to America, it is only just to point out that their visit has been an advantage and a blessing to those who have had the pleasurable task of entertaining them. Not only has their manly style of preaching and the soundness of their theology been the subject of general commendation, as it will, it may be hoped, also be an example for general imitation; but Englishmen have learnt from the mouths of strangers many valuable truths about their national Church, which they are at times somewhat slow to accept from their own appointed pastors. To the value of the union of Church and State the testimony of the American prelates has been almost unanimous; and while we have been constrained to admit that they have presented a noble illustration of what a voluntary communion can produce, they have been careful not to disguise from us the different position occupied by the Churches in the two countries. Instead of talking, as an aged but ill-advised colonial bishop did at the Croydon Church Congress, of the "fetters" of an Established Church, the bishops from across the Atlantic have told a very different tale, and we believe that their testimony will be found to have exercised a very healthy influence upon many wavering minds in this country. As a body they have won the universal esteem of English Churchmen, and there can be little doubt that the pleasant memories which they will carry away will be equalled by the happy recollections of their visit which will be retained for many a year to come by their English hosts.

WORKING MEN'S SOCIETY.—The midland counties' branch of the Church of England Working Men's Society, on the 14th of August, gave a greeting to Mr. Mackonochie, who replied to their congratulations in an appropriate address. On the 19th, members of the same society visited the orphanage at Croydon and welcomed the Rev. Arthur Tooth on his safe return from America.

FRANCE.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—It is positively asserted and as positively denied that Prince Napoleon is to be married to a daughter of the King of Denmark. The Swedish papers say that the prince, visiting an agricultural exhibition in company with the King of Sweden, approached too near some machinery, and his clothes were caught and torn to pieces. He narrowly escaped with his life.

A WOMAN HONORED.—Mlle. Dodu has been decorated with the legion of honor. The feat which has thus been rewarded was performed in 1870, when she was in charge of the telegraph office of Pithiviers. Directly Mlle. Dodu heard that the Prussians were at hand she hid the telegraphic apparatus, but this did not prevent the enemy from using the wires. One of the first acts of the Germans was to take possession of the telegraph office and to shut up Mlle. Dodu in a neighboring room. In this room Mlle. Dodu managed to intercept the dispatches of the invaders, and by so doing she prevented a whole French brigade from being surrounded and falling into the hands of the enemy, for she contrived to acquaint the sub-prefect of Pithiviers with the substance of the intercepted communications.

THE WHEELS OF GOVERNMENT.—M. St. Genest gives the following description of the political situation in Paris: "We have a legal republic brought about by the force of circumstances, and which, owing to the dissensions of the Conservatives, appears to the nation to be a régime of appeasement and common-sense. At the head of this republic is a marshal of France, who represents order and religion. Alongside of the president is an ex-dictator, who represents atheism and the revolution. An understanding between these two men, separated by so wide a gulf, is absolutely necessary. Nothing can be done without the signature of the first and the consent of the second. . . . If these two presidents have been able to get on together up to the present it is because the marshal, while holding

to his conservative feelings, takes less and less share in politics; while M. Gambetta, though preserving his political label, is every day becoming more conservative. These two chiefs have for ministers and for secretaries a curious mixture of men, some of whom go to mass, while others have declared war against religion. And these men have under their orders the *débris* of the monarchies jumbled up with the *débris* of the 4th of September and the Commune. Placed below the executive power one finds—a Liberal senate, a Democratic chamber, Communist municipal councils, an Orleanist republican administration, a Conservative army, a Reactionary magistrature, an Ultramontane clergy. These are the wheels of this strange government—wheels which work in a country composed of directing classes who hate the republic, but who cannot agree upon any other form of government, and a people enervated by the divisions of the directing classes, and which is daily gaining confidence in the republic." M. St. Genest does not think that this state of affairs can last. A grain of sand may throw the whole machine out of gear, and he bewails the troubles impending, as he believes, over his country.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK IN NEUILLY.—The Archbishop of York and his family attended Christ church, Neuilly, on Sunday, August 11th. His grace celebrated the Holy Communion. After the service he expressed to Miss Leigh his deep sympathy with her benevolent efforts and his satisfaction at the progress of the church and the heartiness of the service. The church is charmingly situated at a corner of the Boulevards Bineau and Eugène, where five avenues branch off to Neuilly, Courbevoie, Asnieres, Levallois-Perret, and Paris.

GERMANY.

PAPAL NEGOTIATIONS.—In regard to the constant and contradictory rumors in reference to negotiations with the papal court, the Roman correspondent of the *Times* asserts positively that the interviews thus far amount merely to *pourparlers*. He says: "No official negotiations whatever have been opened between them, and therefore all statements as to the terms of agreement arrived at are at least premature. Before any specific negotiations can be entered upon, Monsignor Masella must refer the substance of his conversations with Prince Bismarck to the Vatican. I understand that the only portion of his instructions which the nuncio was authorized to communicate officially was that his holiness was most desirous of coming to an amicable understanding with the German government, but, in order to achieve that result, something which would at least amount to a practical modification of the May laws must first be established."

SOCIALISM.—A carefully drawn bill, and thorough in its provisions, in reference to Socialism, has been laid before the federal council. Hoedel the assassin was beheaded on Friday, August 16th.

BELGIUM.

THE LEGISLATURE AND ROMANISM.—A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: The chamber of representatives have adopted the government project of electoral reform. The provisions are directed to a more correct valuation, to the abolition of the franchise enjoyed till now in virtue of the occupation of tenements belonging to the State or the communes, and to the suppression of what are called here the "mixed horses." By the first provision a great number of fraudulent electors, and by the second an even greater number of Roman Catholic priests, are deprived of the franchise. The third provision does away with a fraud prevalent among the clerical constituencies. Horses for agricultural and other labor are exempt from taxation, while carriage and riding horses are subject to it. But till now horses which were used partly for labor and partly for other purposes had to pay a tax of 15*fr.* a year as *chevaux mixtes*. The result was that in many priests' houses a saddle, etc., were kept, which were used in turn by the proprietors of agricultural horses to perform on Sundays or holidays evolutions on horseback between the public-houses of their respective villages. They then declared their

horses *chevaux mixtes*, and the 15*fr.* annually enabling them to obtain the franchise were paid for them by the Catholic associations. This category of electors has been known here always as the "papal cavalry." With it disappears one of the last souvenirs of the existence of a papal army. By the new law, which has still to be adopted by the senate, the electoral body will be reduced by about 5,000 electors, among them 2,000 Roman Catholic priests. The opposition complained of this reduction, and M. Malou went so far as to say that in presence of this situation universal suffrage suggests itself. M. Graux, the new minister of finance, made a brilliant parliamentary *débat* in the course of the debate. M. Demeurs, the leader of the Progressists, declared that the electoral reform proposed by the ministry is a work of morality and justice, but that his party persisted in believing that the present basis of the right of suffrage—the payment of 42*fr.* (35*c.*) annually in direct taxation—is bad, and that the time for changing it would come, and the sooner so as a ministry of public instruction has been created. The Electoral Reform Law passed finally by sixty-four votes against fifty-seven. The chamber then adjourned.

The Federation of the Catholic associations has held a meeting denouncing the new electoral legislation and the dismissal of two Catholic governors of provinces, and resolving to petition the king and the senate not to sanction this legislation. Some petitions which have already been sent are pitched in the highest tone, one even containing allusions to the deeds of Hoedel and Nobiling, which it attributes to the spread of Liberalism.

CANADA.

NOVA SCOTIA—Avon Deanery.—The members of the Avon Deanery met in Newport on the 14th of August. A resolution was adopted recommending the calling of the attention of Churchmen to the duty of assisting in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and suggesting the calling of meetings of communicants for the consideration of subjects connected with the Holy Communion. The dean, Canon Maynard, delivered an address on the Sacraments, and the Rev. T. O. Ruggles on Apostolic Succession.

TORONTO—Mortgaging Church Property.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the diocese, an application was received on behalf of St. Matthew's church, Leslieville, asking permission to mortgage the church property to pay off an incumbrance. Permission was granted on condition that evidence be presented of financial necessity and desirability, and the consent of the vestry.

MAINE.

VAN BUREN—Consecration of St. James's Church.—On Tuesday, July 30th, the bishop of the diocese consecrated this church to the worship of Almighty God, assisted by the Rev. G. C. V. Eastman, missionary in charge, and the Rev. Dr. R. N. Parke, of Central New York. The bishop made an appropriate address.

The church is a frame building, in Gothic style, with nave and chancel, and stained-glass windows, and will seat about 150 persons.

The town of Van Buren is on the extreme north-eastern boundary of the State, and consists of a population of about 300 souls. The church stands in a spacious lot, upon a slight elevation, from which one may look out upon the broad waters of the St. John river, and the hills of New Brunswick beyond. A mere handful of Church people have here managed, with very little help, and by much personal labor and liberality, to build and pay for one of the prettiest country churches north of Bangor, not only giving their offerings, but literally "working with their own hands," until the hour of the consecration service.

CONNECTICUT.

MIDDLETOWN—Church of the Holy Trinity.—Mrs. Lot D. Van Sands has presented to this church a very beautiful corona in memory of her deceased husband. It is of polished brass, with an inscription, "In memoriam—Lot D. Van Sands," in blue enamel, and was designed and made by Mitchell, Vance & Co., of New York.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Service at the Russian Chapel.—The name-day of the Emperor of Russia will be celebrated at the Russian chapel, on Second avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, on Wednesday, September 11th, at eleven o'clock. The liturgy will be celebrated in the Slavonic language by the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring, Chaplain.

ROUNDOUT—St. John's Church.—Mr. Augustus H. Reynolds has presented to this church a very beautiful set of altar ornaments. They consist of a brass cross, vases, candlesticks, and book-rest, and altar service bound in red morocco. Mr. Reynolds is a member of the parish of the Holy Communion, New York city.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.—The directory of the Woman's Auxiliary purposes to visit the parish branches of the first missionary district, as far as such visits are desired by the rectors, in the following order. Any suggestions which may be offered, or help which may be furnished in carrying out this plan for promoting the interests of "woman's work" in the diocese, will be gratefully appreciated.

SEPTEMBER.

- 13, Evening, Pierpont Manor.
- 14, P. M., Adams.
- 16, A. M., Antwerp; P. M., Evans Mills.
- 17, P. M., Sackett's Harbor.
- 18, A. M., Brownville; P. M., Dexter.
- 19, A. M., Cape Vincent; P. M., Millens Bay.
- 20, P. M., La Fargeville; Evening, Clayton.
- 21, P. M., Carthage.
- 23, P. M., Grace, Watertown.
- 24, A. M., Theresa; P. M., Redwood.
- 25, P. M., Copenhagen; Evening, Champion.
- 26, A. M., Trinity, Watertown; Evening, Lowville.
- 27, A. M., Watson.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

ANNUAL COUNCIL.—The forty-first annual council of the Church in this diocese is appointed to meet in Christ church, Rochester, on Tuesday, September 17th, at 4 o'clock P. M.

BUFFALO—St. Luke's Church.—The surplised boy and men choir of this church (the Rev. John M. Henderson, rector) improves in its singing every Sunday, and the church is crowded morning and evening. Such singing makes the service attractive by the heartfelt rendition of the musical portion, which forms so important a feature in our service.—*The Orbit*.

BROCKPORT—St. Luke's Church.—Extensive improvements are about to be made in this church. The upper part of the tower, which is of wood, is to be replaced by a stone spire, surmounted by a cross, and the roof is to be slated.

GENESEO—St. Michael's Church.—During the last three years a large part of the indebtedness upon this church has been paid, and a new organ has been procured, at a cost of over \$3,000. A tablet has been placed recently in the interior of the church, to the memory of the late Gen. Wadsworth.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

BISHOP'S PASTORAL.—The Bishop of the diocese has issued the following letter to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Northern New Jersey:

Brethren beloved in the Lord: The sufferings of our brethren in the South from the destructive ravages of the yellow fever impel me to issue this pastoral letter. I ask you to unite at once in earnest prayer to Almighty God that He will, for Christ's sake, grant relief in restraining the pestilence, in furthering the efforts for the restoration of the sick, and in sustaining the hearts and hands of those who are engaged in the perilous duty of nursing and caring for the sick. As a united offering of prayer, I recommend the use, in the family and in public, of the special prayer of the Church, entitled, "In Time of Great Sickness and Mortality." I also recommend that collections in aid of the sufferers from sickness in the South be made by the churches on the earliest occasion, and the proceeds be sent immediately to the care of Mr. Henry Hayes, Treasurer, Newark, New Jersey.

Affectionately your bishop,

W. H. ODENHEIMER.

August 26th, 1878.

VIRGINIA.

OATLANDS—Consecration of a Church.—On Wednesday, August 21st, the bishop of the dio-

cese consecrated the new church at this place to the worship of Almighty God, delivering the sermon, and administering the Holy Communion.

MISSISSIPPI.

BISHOP'S PASTORAL LETTER.—The bishop of the diocese has issued the following letter:

I hereby recommend to the clergy and laity of this diocese, and to all who may see fit to use it, the following prayer, adapted to the present suffering condition of our people. And I further request that it may be used at all times of public worship in our Church until this grievous calamity be overpast.

W. M. GREEN,

August 20th, 1878. Bishop of Mississippi.

A Prayer for the Present Time of Pestilence.—O most just and merciful God, who, in Thy wrath, didst send a plague upon Thine own people in the wilderness; and also in the time of King David didst slay with the pestilence three score and ten thousand; and yet remembering Thy mercy, didst repent Thee of the evil, and stay the plague; have pity upon our people who are now visited with great sickness and mortality; that, like as Thou didst then accept of an atonement, and didst command the destroying angel to put up his sword into its sheath, so may it please Thee to withdraw from us this present plague and grievous sickness, for the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS—Christ Church.—The rector of this church has issued the following circular letter:

NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 28th, 1878.

To the Parishioners of Christ Church, New Orleans:

The epidemic now existing in the city makes it necessary for the Church to extend her charities far beyond the ordinary limits. So far I have been able to meet every demand and promptly relieve every case presented to me, and I still have funds on hand; but as the want and distress are rapidly increasing, it will require more than I have at my disposal to do all that ought to be done by this parish. I therefore appeal to my absent parishioners to send me at once such contributions as they conscientiously feel able to give for this purpose.

I have had offers of assistance by several churches in the North, which, with thanks for the Christian spirit which prompted them, I have declined, on the ground that Christ church is amply able to take care of its poor without assistance. I think we should exhaust our own resources before we accept assistance from others, and therefore I make this appeal to my own people, who, though absent, I believe are present with us in their sympathies and prayers.

Send contributions by cheque, draft, post-office money order, or letter. Hoping to receive an immediate answer, I am,

Your servant in the Lord,

W. P. KRAMER.

We, the members of the vestry of Christ church, now present in the city, endorse the above appeal, and hope it will meet with a favorable and speedy answer from all our people.

SAMUEL FLOWER,
B. F. ESHLEMAN,
CHAS. L. UHLHORN,
B. M. HARROD,
CHS. E. LEVERICH,
T. C. HERNDON.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS—The Yellow Fever.—The Rev. Dr. G. C. Harris wrote recently to the bishop of the diocese as follows, regarding the yellow fever:

"The number of new cases grows continually larger, notwithstanding the 'depopulation' of the city, and in this sense it is growing worse, but we are getting better organized and doing more effective work, and I do not doubt a few days will show a perceptible falling off in proportionate mortality.

"The sisters are making for themselves a glorious record—they go about their work with that presence of mind and the skill of trained commanders—visiting and watching their patients and nurses every hour in the day, and themselves relieving the nurses at night.

"I have written you repeatedly and suppose the letters must be in some quarantine station,

"Dr. Green, across the way, is extremely ill—indeed St. Mary's has hardly a family left in town in which there is not more or less fever. In some the whole household is down, and you know how very poor most of them are.

"In haste, but with affection,

"GEORGE C. HARRIS."

On Sunday, September 1st, the Rev. Mr. Parsons sent the following telegram to the bishop in New York:

"Fever struck Dr. Harris last night; we think a light attack. I am strong and well."

A telegram received on Monday, September 2d, says:

"We are struggling for Dr. Harris's life."

Contributions may be sent to the Bishop of Tennessee, care of the Rev. Dr. Houghton, No. 1 East Twenty-ninth street; and to the Bishop of Mississippi, General Theological Seminary, corner of Ninth avenue and Twentieth street, New York city.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

ZANESVILLE—A Generous Gift.—The massive and beautiful tower of St. James's church, after standing in an unfinished condition for something like a quarter of a century, has at length been completed; and, to add to the rejoicing of the congregation over this long and devoutly wished for consummation, the church has been presented with a splendid bell, which is now in its place in the belfry. The bell is from the Meneely Bell Foundry, at West Troy, N. Y., and it is, without doubt, one of the very best ever made at that manufactory. Its weight is 2,029 pounds. One side of it bears the inscription: "Presented to St. James's church, Zanesville, Ohio, by Mrs. Julia Peabody Chandler, of Germantown, Pa., A. D. 1878." On the other side is the appropriate verse from the 95th Psalm: "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

The generous donor was formerly a parishioner of St. James's church. In a letter to the rector, wardens, and vestry, asking their acceptance of the bell, she says: "I make this gift in token of my affection for the church wherein my father and mother, my aunt, my sister's family, and my own have worshipped for so many years; as a mark of my lively interest in the welfare of the minister and congregation who now worship there; and in loving remembrance of many dear friends of my childhood and youth, now forever passed away."

Mrs. Chandler included in her gift all the necessary "fixtures" of the bell, ropes, cost of transportation, etc., and this is by no means the only token of her friendly interest in the welfare of St. James's church.

CINCINNATI—Purchase of a Church Building.

—At the sheriff's sale on Saturday, August 17th, the church building on the corner of Baymiller and Findlay streets was bought by McGuffey, Morrell & Strunk, acting for the bishop of the diocese. The appraisement was \$15,000, and the property was secured for two thirds of that sum. The title will be vested in the trustees of the diocese. This is the building that has been used by the bishop's congregation, and before that by the congregation of Ascension mission for several years. It was owned by a German Reformed congregation. A builder's lien has entirely eaten up the property. It is a well-built building of brick, with a tower and spire, and it looks like a church. The lot upon which it stands is fifty by ninety-five feet. There is a basement for Sunday-school purposes above the level of the street. The building is well situated for the bishop's purposes. As soon as the sale is confirmed repairs and improvements will be made.—*Standard of the Cross*.

DAKOTA.

FARGO—Christ Church.—In a severe tornado which passed over this place on Monday, August 26th, the church building was seriously damaged by the wind.

HOUSE OF BISHOPS.

Pursuant to the call of the presiding bishop, a number of the bishops met at Grace chapel, New York, on Wednesday, August 28th, to take action regarding the resignation by Bishop McCoskry of the Bishopric of Michigan and the

ministry. On assembling it was found that a majority of the bishops were not present, only twenty-seven being in attendance. The bishops therefore adjourned until Thursday morning, when, as there was no quorum, an adjournment was taken until Friday, and then until Monday. On Monday morning two more bishops arrived, making twenty-nine present, lacking only the necessary majority of thirty, and an adjournment was taken until Monday evening. On Monday evening the Bishop of Northern New Jersey arrived, and a majority of the bishops being present, the meeting was organized, with the presiding bishop in the chair, and the Rev. William Tatlock secretary, and adjourned to Tuesday morning.

The bishops present on Monday evening were: The Bishops of Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Indiana, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Maine, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, Vermont, Central New York, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Massachusetts, Northern Texas, Western Michigan, Southern Ohio, Illinois, Fond du Lac, Quincy, Springfield, and West Virginia, and Northern New Jersey.

Bishop McCoskry's letter of resignation, upon which the bishops are to take action, is as follows:

To the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America:

Having heretofore presented my resignation of jurisdiction over the Diocese of Michigan, and subsequently withdrawn the same, I now desire to, and do hereby, resign my jurisdiction aforesaid, and do further resign and relinquish my office as bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America, and desire that the House may meet at the earliest convenient season to consider and act on this resignation, upon such length and manner of notice as may be thought best by the presiding bishop.

Dated at Detroit the 25th day of May, A.D. 1878.

(Signed) SAMUEL A. MCCOSKRY.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Virginia O. Goe will resume the charge of St. Andrew's church, Bryan, Tex., October 1st. Address accordingly.

The Rev. F. W. Hilliard has resigned the rectorship of St. John's church, Erie, Pa., and accepted that of Pocomoke parish, Md. Address Pocomoke City, Worcester county, Md.

The Rev. J. J. Landers has returned from Europe. He has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Trinity College, Dublin, after examination.

The Rev. R. Heber Murphy's address is Rugby Academy, Wilmington, Del.

CONFIRMATIONS.

VIRGINIA.—At Catootin, Loudoun county, 6; in St. James's church, Leesburg, 6; at Belmont, 2; in Christ church, Goresville, 1.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

MARRIED.

On Monday, the 12th of August, in the American chapel, Geneva, Switzerland, by the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., the Rev. LEIGHTON PARKES, of Boston, to MARGARITA ALDEN HAVEN, eldest daughter of Mrs. Peter Naylor, of New York.

In Rutland, Vt., August 28th, by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, rector of Trinity church, the Hon. JOHN BOUTWELL to Mrs. ELLEN SOPHIA ELLSWORTH STRONG, both of Rutland.

DIED.

At Milford, Conn., August 9th, 1878, LEMUEL POWELL, aged 63 years, entered into rest after a lingering illness.

In Baltimore, August 19th, J. DUNCAN WRIGHT, aged 5 years, son of Ellen M. and the late R. A. Wright, of Queen Anne's Co., Md.

Fell asleep in Jesus, August 21st, 1878, at Franklin, Tenn., after a long and painful illness, Mrs. MARY PLUMER, devoted wife of Samuel Plumer, Esq.

At Middletown, Conn., on Saturday, August 3d, 1878, Commodore CHARLES H. JACKSON, U. S. N., in the 78th year of his age.

Drowned, on Thursday afternoon, August 23d, in the Potomac River, near Cumberland, Md., JOHN J. FULL, eldest son of Edward Scull, Sr., of Somerset, Pa. A quiet Christian gentleman—without fear or reproach; zealous in business; given to the work of the church; firm in his opinions, but modest in the ex-

pression of them—the Church in his native place has lost a true soldier from her militant body in whom she always rejoiced. "Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are Thy ways: who, going through the vale of misery, use it for a well, and the pools are filled with water. They will go from strength to strength, and unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Zion."

In Sayville, L. I., on Wednesday evening, August 7th, of cholera infantum, ANGUS MORRISON, only child of Francis S. and Hattie E. Green, aged 5 months and 23 days.

"Oh Saviour, come and bless;
Come share our loneliness;
We need a Comforter,
Take up Thy dwelling here."

Entered into rest, Sunday, September 1st, 1878, in Concord, N. H., MARY LEAVER, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Leaver, formerly rector of St. Paul's church, in said city, in the 67th year of her age. Having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith.

At Fairfield, Conn., on Thursday, August 29th, suddenly, of heart disease, the Rev. DAVID F. BANKS, aged 40 years.

In Lewisburg, Pa., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. G. S. Burr, Mrs. DEBORAH HUTZEY, in the 83d year of her age. She was the mother of Mrs. B. F. Taylor, of Lawrenceville, Pa.

Mrs. ADALINE P., wife of Alfred E. Whitney, of New York, died at Plainfield, N. J., August 25th, 1878. A devoted daughter and sister, wife, mother, and friend. Singularly unselfish, and graciously considerate of the feelings and rights of others. Open-hearted in her charities, and always loyal to her Church. Her last sickness was very trying, but borne with unshrinking faith and fortitude. She died in sweet peace.

"Fell asleep in Jesus," at Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn., at the hour of reveille, July 17th, 1878, WILLIE CREAMER, eldest son of Lt.-Col. L. L. Langdon, U. S. A., and Hattie C. Langdon, aged 9 years and 11 months. Willie was not only a loving and lovable child, but the intellectual companion whose mental development was noticed by all who knew him.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Huntington, L. I., August 15th, SAMUEL C. GAINES, Esq.

At an informal meeting of the vestry of St. Mark's church, Brooklyn, E. D., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His All-wise Providence, to take out of this world the soul of our friend and brother SAMUEL C. GAINES, Esq.; therefore

Resolved, That this vestry do hereby record their appreciation of his great worth and merit as a devout Churchman and an efficient vestryman, whose counsel was always reliable.

Resolved, That while by his departure we lose a dear friend and co-worker in all that pertains to the interest and advancement of Christ's kingdom below; we yet are comforted by the blessed consolation and hope that he is made a partaker of all the blessings of that kingdom above.

Resolved, That this vestry extend to his bereaved family their sincere condolence and sympathy in the severe loss they have sustained of his Christian guidance and support, and pray the Father of All Mercies to send to them the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, in this their hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That the clerk of the vestry convey to the family of the deceased a copy of the foregoing resolutions, and cause the same to be printed in THE CHURCHMAN and in THE Brooklyn Daily Times.

SAMUEL M. HASKINS, Rector.
THOS. W. GROSER, Clerk of the Vestry.
Brooklyn, August 26th, 1878.

OBITUARY.

The death of Mrs. ALFRED R. WHITNEY, of this city, after a painful and lingering illness, seems to warrant more than the passing notice in the mortuary columns of the daily journals, which announced the decease of this estimable woman on the 25th of August, at her country home in Plainfield, N. J. For two years she was an almost constant sufferer, and subject to the most painful and distressing attacks which brought her repeatedly at death's door, and which only a Christian woman could have borne and rallied from, buoyed up by the hope of being spared not so much for her own sake as for the sake of her husband and children, whose happiness and well-being she knew were so closely linked in her life. It was always a matter of surprise to those who saw her during the intervals when she was free from pain, how cheerful and happy she appeared to be; and the writer, who saw her but a few days before her death, found her full of life and hope, and apparently resigned to whatever change God in His providence might see fit to order in her case. It has become fashionable, to some extent, in this our day, to scoff at religion, and to look upon those who endeavor to practise it in every-day life, as this good woman did, as enthusiasts; but tell us, scoffer, if you can, what else besides the religion of Jesus Christ will enable us to live and die as calmly and peacefully as the subject of this notice did, beloved by all who knew her in life, and mourned for as one only can be whose good deeds and kind words have found an abiding-place in the hearts of many friends.

"So live, that when the summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
That the condition which these immortal lines of Bryant enjoin upon us all was hers, no one who knew her can for a moment doubt. God grant that we may all be as well prepared to meet "our" summons when it comes, and to approach the grave with the same "unfaltering trust."

New York, September 2d, 1878

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the wardens and vestry of Trinity parish, Newtown, Conn., held in the rectory August 26th, 1878, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our beloved rector, the Rev. Dr. N. E. MARBLE, has been obliged, on account of physical infirmities, to tender his resignation of the rectorship of Trinity parish, which resignation the parish has, though with great reluctance, deemed necessary to accept; and

WHEREAS, He has most faithfully and acceptably performed his duties as rector of the parish for over twenty years; and therefore

Resolved, That we sincerely regret the painful necessity which has caused the separation, and deeply sympathize with him in his severe affliction which has at last obliged him to cease from his ministerial labors.

Resolved, That we duly appreciate the earnest fidelity and ability with which he has so long discharged the duties of rector of this parish, and that we will ever cherish with gratitude the remembrance of the years during which we have looked to him as our spiritual adviser and guide.

Resolved, That we consider it great cause for congratulation that he and his most estimable family have decided to make their home in our midst, and that we can feel that although the connection as rector and parish is settled, we are still true friends in Christ's flock, and may be permitted to bear each other's burdens unto the end.

Resolved, That we shall ever deem it a privilege to do what lies in our power to cheer and comfort him in his declining years; and may those years be made happy by the continued and ever-increasing kindness of friends in the parish, to which he has ministered in holy things so long a time.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in THE CHURCHMAN, also be entered on the parish record, and that a copy of the same be presented to the rector.

D. G. BEERS, Clerk.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned thankfully acknowledges the following sums received in collection and otherwise by him since his last report in the Church papers, viz.: From the Rev. F. D. Gaudon, by collection in Trinity, Williamsport, \$3.32. By collection in person in Philadelphia, viz.: Cash, 5; cash, 5; cash, 3; Mr. H., 1; Mr. S. W., 1. By collections in Forriedale, viz.: From Mrs. L., 1; Mrs. S., 1; two friends, 1.50; Mr. A. B., 5; Dr. K., 5; cash, 1; Mr. E. S. Wheeler, 5; Mr. T. H., 5; Mr. K. N. B., 1; Mrs. M., 5; cash, 2. From Sunday-school of St. Paul's, Doylestown, through the Rev. Mr. Berghaus, 5; the Rev. Mr. Barker, 2. Memento of twenty-third anniversary, etc., from members of Class of '55, G. T. S., viz.: The Rev. F. W. Smith, 5; Louis French, 5; Dr. Powers, 6; and the Rev. W. Ely, 5.

I ask the friends of Church extension to remember it is now much more difficult than ever to collect money. The smallest sums from the most remote will be acceptable. If every communicant would send us a postage stamp we should have more than enough to cover all indebtedness.

H. L. PHILLIPS, Missionary.

Geltsburg, August 28th, 1878.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Rev. Walter Mitchell, rector of Trinity church, Rutland, and Grace church, West Rutland, desires to return his thanks to the worshippers at Clarendon Springs, on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, for their generous offering of twenty-two dollars (\$22) in behalf of the church now being erected at West Rutland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Missions.
For Bishop Penick, from a friend, Bridgeport, Conn. \$5.90

NOTICE.

A Stated Meeting of the Board of Managers of "The Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York" will be held in the S. S. Room of Trinity Chapel, Twenty-fifth street, on Tuesday evening next, the 10th inst., at eight o'clock.
D. B. WHITLOCK, Recording Secretary.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1879.

Clergymen whose Names, Parishes, or Post-office Addresses are not correctly given in the Convention Journals of 1878, published by October 15th, should not fail to notify the Editor.

Send the necessary corrections to "Editor of the Church Almanac," care of Pott, Young & Co., Cooper Union, New York.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need \$3,000 in the month of September. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING, Corresponding Sec'y, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

The annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held in the Sunday-school room of St. John's chapel, New York, directly after the close of the morning service on the opening day of the ensuing Convention, to be held in said chapel on Wednesday, the 25th day of September next.
J. A. SPENCER, Secretary.
August 31st, 1878.

THE CLERICAL INSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY.

Organized 1877: Membership limited to 1500; assessments at death of members, \$1.10; annuities assured to members in their old age; after July 1st, no members admitted over forty years old. Applications for membership may be sent to the treasurer.

The Rev. C. L. HUTCHINS, Medford, Mass.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" published hereafter will appear under the full signature of the writer.

CHURCH PROPERTY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

You have succeeded in calling attention to the subject of the tenure of Church property. The loss of Christ church, Chicago, and the imminent peril of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, have brought two representative cases to the front, but there are plenty more behind them in which the gifts of Christian people to parishes are in danger of being lost. Laymen are aware of this risk; and I think it a fact worth noticing that when we read of bequests to parishes, left simply in the hands of parishes without restrictions and safeguards, they are, for the most part, bequests by women, and not by men. If my impression is correct as to the fact, the inference from it is that those who are most familiar with the subject of investments, who handle property, who act habitually on business principles, are not satisfied with the security which the present system offers.

The remedy is, as you suggest, to incorporate the diocese, and vest in it the title to all the Church property within its limits, a result to be reached just so fast and just so far as people may be ready for it.

But there are two sorts of title in connection with trust property, the legal or actual title (I do not assume to be technical) and the beneficial title—the body *by* which, and the body *for* which, the property is held. We may conceive of the diocese as holding the legal title in trust for its parishes, which have the beneficial title, or of the parishes as holding the legal title in trust for the diocese (*i. e.*, the Church) which has the beneficial title. To the first there are two objections.

(1) It is impracticable. To incorporate the diocese is easy enough. But to induce parishes to transfer to another body the actual title to their property is quite another matter. Human nature being as it is, the thing is impracticable.

(2) If it were practicable, it would not be wise; for its effect would be to relieve parishes of responsibility for keeping the property insured and in repair. They would not take the same interest in it that they do now. The diocese would be called upon to arrange for an expenditure, not only of money, often, but also of time and thought in business management—and under the disadvantage of working at arm's length—that is more easily and more efficiently applied by the local body. I cannot help thinking that bishops who are "corporations sole" will have their hands full by and by, and will be ready to favor the division of their jurisdictions.

And yet the principle is a sound one, that the diocese should be the unit, and parishes fractions thereof. Let the diocese be incorporated, so as to have a legal status, and to let parishes be incorporated too.

But let the parishes be trustees, and the diocese the beneficiary of their several trusts. The legal title in the parish, where it is now, and the equitable title in the diocese—a legal entity, capable of acting in defence of its rights, even against its own trustees if necessary—rather than in a loose-jointed congregation or its members. That is, *e. g.*, let the vestry of St. Ann's church make a declaration of trust that they hold the property now in their hands for the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Long Island, to be used for the public worship of a congregation of said church; and let the deed of trust be executed with such restrictions as will prevent the encumbrance or alienation of the property except with consent of the diocese.

This method of securing Church property is (1) practicable. Parishes would be far more likely to assent to it than to the other. Intelligent men of business would see at once

that their parishes part with no valuable thing, but, on the contrary, secure it, by recognizing themselves as trustees, controlling the property as perfectly as ever for its proper uses, and parting only with the power for themselves and their successors (who, they may naturally suppose, may not be such judicious persons as they are), of using it improperly. Of course there are parishes managed by men who are not intelligent men of business, but the lead of the stronger parishes would be followed, in time, by the others—and especially if no urgency is used to make them follow it.

(2) And again, this method of securing Church property would be wise. It would leave responsibility for the care of the property with the local body. It would maintain the immediate interest of the parishioners in what has no other reason for existence but their use of it. It would avoid involving the bishop and diocese in a multitude of cares, labors, and expenses. And parishioners who might desire to make bequests for the benefit of their parishes would be enabled to do so with confidence that their benefactions would be conserved, and used in accordance with their wishes.

W. TATLOCK.

Stamford, August 5th, 1878.

A NEW JERSEY CANON AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Your Indiana correspondent has well brought the fact to light that our general Canon 8, Title II., has nothing to do with the subject discussed by my first article. If he had looked for the canon of Chalcedon he would have been equally perplexed, for the reference in THE CHURCHMAN is to Canon Eight of Chalcedon, and that canon has nothing to do with the subject discussed. My original manuscript lies before me, and my references in it are to Canon Six of Chalcedon, and to Title First of our general Canon Eight. Probable little damage is done by these errors, as most readers take for granted the correctness of references.

The main object of my first article was to show that the jurisdiction (mission-field of work) of a clergyman (bishop, priest, or deacon) comes in all cases from the laity; and as confirming this principle, and guarding it, that the Church had by canon forbidden a bishop to give ordination until he had been assured that the candidate had occupied or been provided with a mission or field of work. As evidence of that, reference was made to Canon Six of the Council of Chalcedon, to the English Canon Thirty-three, and to our general Canon Eight, Title One, Section Three. Herewith I give those canons in full: Council of Chalcedon, Canon Six.—"No man is to be ordained without a charge, neither presbyter, nor deacon, nor indeed any one who is in the ecclesiastical order; but whoever is ordained must be appointed particularly to some charge in a church of a city, or in the country, or in a martyr or monastery. While, as regards those who are ordained *without any charge*, the holy synod has determined that such an ordination *is to be held void*, and cannot have any effect anywhere, to the reproach of the ordainer."

English Canon Thirty-three—"It has been long since provided, by many decrees of the ancient fathers, that none should be admitted either deacon or priest who had not first some certain place where he might use his function. According to which example we do ordain, that henceforth no person shall be admitted into sacred Orders except he shall at that time exhibit to the bishop, of whom he desireth imposition of hands, a presentation of himself to some ecclesiastical preferment then void in that diocese, or shall bring to the said bishop a true and undoubted certificate that either he is provided of some church within the said diocese, where he may attend the cure of souls, or of some minister's place

vacant, either in the cathedral church of that diocese, or in some other collegiate church therein also situate, where he may execute his ministry; or that he is a fellow, or in right as a fellow, or to be a conduct or chaplain in some college in Cambridge or Oxford; or except he be a master of arts of five years' standing, that liveth of his own charge in either of the universities; or except by the bishop himself that doth ordain him minister he be shortly after to be admitted either to some benefice or curateship then void. And if any bishop shall admit any person into the ministry that hath none of these titles, as is aforesaid, then he shall keep and maintain him with all things necessary till he do prefer him to some ecclesiastical living. And if the said bishop shall refuse so to do, he shall be suspended by the archbishop, being assisted with another bishop, from giving of Orders by the space of a year."

American Canon, Title One, Canon Eight, Section Three.—"No person shall be ordained a priest until he shall produce to the bishop a satisfactory certificate from some church, parish, or congregation that he is engaged with them, and that they will receive him as their minister; or, unless he be a missionary under the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese to which he belongs, or in the employment of some missionary society recognized by the general convention, or unless he be engaged as a professor, tutor, or instructor of youth in some college, academy, or other seminary of learning, duly incorporated, or as a chaplain in the army or navy of the United States."

Now, in each of these canons it would seem that the Church not only recognizes jurisdiction or mission as exclusively in the hands of the laity, but that she especially avows and guards this duty and right of the laity by forbidding any bishop to ordain until after the laity shall have bestowed or provided jurisdiction.

It is this point (that jurisdiction must precede ordination) which your Logansport correspondent seems to deny. He seems to assume that a bishop is an autocrat, and that he holds in his power, and may confer, mission as well as ordination. And he claims to base his opinion on this very general Canon Eight, above quoted. He says:

"This canon expressly authorizes a bishop to ordain a person to the priesthood if he is a missionary under his authority, or is in the employment of any missionary society recognized by the general convention, or is an instructor of youth in any duly incorporated institution of learning, or is a chaplain in the army or navy of the United States."

Your correspondent seems to infer that the latter part of this section third abrogates its emphatic opening. The opening says, "No person shall be ordained a priest unless he shall produce to the bishop a satisfactory certificate" that he has jurisdiction or field of work given to him. Yes, says the Rev. Mr. Purdy, some persons may be ordained without that condition; and he gives those mentioned in the latter part of the section. But the two parts of the section are in harmony; the whole section has but one idea, and that is, that jurisdiction—a field of work possessed—shall precede ordination. And in these parties mentioned in the last of the section the law of the canon had been fulfilled; for they were already, all of them, provided with fields of work, as missionaries, or teachers, or chaplains. They have already been prepared by the laity for ordination by the gift from the laity of jurisdiction and a support.

But the Rev. Mr. Purdy goes still further, and denies that there is *any* restraint upon a bishop. He says: "Nothing prevents a bishop, under this canon, from ordaining any one he sees fit to the priesthood."

There are those who think they see even in this Canon Eight enough to prove that the bishop is to ordain, not "as he sees fit," but as the Church "sees fit." That section three

events ordination until the laity shall have prepared for the candidate a jurisdiction, involving a support. That is something which may prevent the bishop, and it is intended to prevent him. While section three more largely relates to the bishop about ordination, section four orders: "No person shall be ordained a priest in this Church unless he be recommended to the bishop for ordination by the Standing Committee." There is a large body of laity to control ordinations. While, further, the same section orders that the action of the Standing Committee shall only be warranted by a full precedent certificate of the vestry or twelve respectable members of the church where the candidate lives, as to his worth. In this section four, it is seen, places a large body of laity between a bishop and every ordination. And it is manifest that a great many things and a great many persons may come and must come between the bishop and every ordination. A bishop in the Church is an autocrat; he is not obliged to be; he is aided and directed by wholesome laws.

Now, of the three things belonging to Holy Orders, viz.: 1. The internal call; 2. Jurisdiction; 3. Ordination, it does not need any great study to learn that of the three the bishop can only give ordination; that he can no more give mission than he can give the internal call. And that in all cases ordination can only properly and effectively follow the preceding and preparatory internal call by the Holy Spirit, and the outward and open gift of jurisdiction by the laity.

JOHN ALDEN SPOONER.

DEMAND FOR CHEAP CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

While socialistic principles and avowals of emancipation from all religious belief are being zealously paraded in certain publications, and silently, though none the less zealously, disseminated in the social circle by their adherents, it becomes a matter of the deepest concern to many of the clergy, who are inadequately provided with the latest weapons of defence in this literary conflict, how to counteract and destroy the influence of such invidious enemies.

I have recently begun to labor at three points, and at each are individuals who are open and avowed unbelievers. Some of them are baptized and confirmed members of the Church. Some of them are not only confessed sceptics, but, as far as they can be, are teachers of sceptical views and distributors of sceptical books and papers. The result in regard to the youth of both sexes is sadly perceptible in many instances; due, I suspect, more to the influence of the literature than to the opinions or examples of the doubters themselves, though many of them are individuals of position and influence.

With a liberality and zeal that should shame us, this literature is sold at such prices as to place it within the reach of almost every one, and its supporters are active and zealous in procuring readers from among those "who are entangled in the toils of priestly superstitions."

Is it not possible for the works of those who have written so strongly in the defence of Christianity to be sold at prices that will place them within the reach and temptation of the reading public? or even within the reach of the poorer clergy? I say "temptation," for many a theological work would be bought by the laity, I think, were not the price beyond reason or moderate means.

While those powerful defensive and offensive works of Christianity—the Bampton Lectures and others—are sold at prices that are above the means of the majority, a plausible attack upon the Christian Faith can be bought for comparatively a song.

We have "scientific" and "classic series" published at marvellously low rates by men whose object is to lay up treasures upon earth.

Are there not those who profess to keep their treasure account in heaven, who are willing to make a deposit to their credit by contributing to the publication of a cheap series of "Christian Evidences," useful alike to people and clergy?

It would be one method of defending the Faith, and, I think, a largely successful one. People who think or doubt will read when they are not required to pay two or three days' or a week's living for a book. And as for many an ill-paid clergyman it is simply dismal reading to go through a glowing book review only to learn that it can be had at a price anywhere between two and ten dollars.

It is a good, a glorious, work to establish a "foundation" for the annual delivery of a series of lectures upon the truths of Christianity. It would also be a good, a noble, work to establish a foundation whereby such lectures and other superior efforts in the like cause could be sold at such prices as would make them available to all who need or desire them.

MELVILLE M. MOORE.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Several years ago you published a series of "Notes on the Early English Church," which quoted different historians and seemed to prove that when St. Augustine landed in England he found the English Church established, with its bishops, priests, and deacons, and even with a martyr, St. Alban. Also that it had had a conference, at which the Gallican Church was represented, and that the English Church regarded St. Augustine's claims very unfavorably, to say the least. In the inaugural address of the Lambeth Conference, delivered at Canterbury, the archbishop referred to his predecessor in the following terms: "I am addressing you from St. Augustine's chair. This thought carries us back to the time when that first missionary to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, amid much discouragement, landed on these then barbarous shores." (Italics are my own.) If the "notes" referred to above be well authenticated, then St. Augustine could not have been the first missionary, and it would seem strange that the archbishop should not be familiar with the pre-Augustine history of the Church, if there be one.

Will some one who is familiar with the subject kindly inform

F. N. WELLS.

Rock Eton Springs, Frederick Co., Va.,
August 19th, 1878.

COLORED CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

THE CHURCHMAN of August 31st states that it is proposed to establish a department in the Theological Seminary of Virginia for the training of colored candidates for Holy Orders, and to locate this department for the present at Petersburg. It is also announced by the Committee on Colored Congregations of the Diocese of Virginia that several young men who desired to be prepared for the ministry of the Church in that diocese have "had to be rejected" because of the want of such a department as is proposed.

It seems to one reader of THE CHURCHMAN that the establishment of such a department as is sought, for the separate education of colored candidates for the ministry, is a needless expense, in view of the fact that the Theological Seminary of Virginia is already established, and equipped for the training of candidates for Orders, and colored candidates can be educated there without additional expense.

The second statement to which I have alluded, regarding the rejection of colored young men who desired to study for the ministry, because there is no separate department in which they can be prepared—certainly

does not speak well for those responsible for their rejection. Is there any provision in the canons of Virginia for rejecting such young men because they cannot be separately prepared? It seems to me, endeavoring to write with all due respect, as if this action were most arbitrary and impolitic, and fatal to the progress of the Church among the colored people of Virginia and the other parts of the South.

F. B. CHETWOOD.

"A CUBIC MILE—HOW MUCH IS IT?"

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The extract in THE CHURCHMAN of August 10th, under the above title, reminds me of some calculations made several years ago. My attention had been particularly called to the words, "And there was no more sea" (Rev. xxi. 1). The question arose, Why no more sea? Several reasons suggested themselves, among them this. It is well known that a large fraction—five-sixths, more or less—of the elements of the human body is composed of water and the elements of water. May it not be that the sea is the grand receptacle, the charnel-house of humanity, receiving finally the soluble elements of the bodies of men? When, therefore, it is said, "The earth and the sea shall give up their dead," is it not the meaning that each shall give up what is in its keeping—the earth the ashes of men, and the sea the rest of their physical substance? And if this be so, may not the resurrection of mankind necessarily involve the disappearance of the sea, in order to supply elements for those new bodies with which men are to be clothed again?

The idea was corroborated by other considerations, and was so novel, and in several respects so plausible, that it haunted me for weeks. Finally, I disposed of the matter by computing what bulk of sea water would be equivalent to the aqueous elements of the whole race of Adam for 6,000 years; estimating for 200 generations, with very liberal allowance, as I thought, for the average weight of individuals, and for the average number of persons in each generation. The result was a trifle more than one cubic mile!

I scarcely need say that that theory of the necessary disappearance of the sea has not haunted me a moment since.

J. W. BANCROFT.

DR. BERRIAN'S FAMILY PRAYERS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In reply to the inquiry of the Rev. Mr. Whitehead, let me say that the fourth and last edition of Dr. Berrian's "Family Prayers" appeared in 1846; that the plates were sold upon the dissolution of the firm of Stanford & Swords, the publishers; and an edition published from them by a Philadelphia firm, I think Hazard & Co., in 1864, which was identical with that of 1846, excepting the title-page. Some copies of the 1846 edition were sold at the sale of Dr. Berrian's library in 1863, and can probably be found at the second-hand book stores.

Hoping that this may answer the question asked, and offering my own copy, provided Mr. Whitehead cannot obtain any other,

I remain, yours very truly,

JOSEPH HOOPER.

Lebanon Springs, N. Y., August 23d, 1878.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Allow me to say, through your columns, to the Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead that I find the Rev. Dr. Berrian's "Family Prayers" in an old catalogue of Smith, English & Co.'s, No. 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and also in Carnes & Wilson's, No. 134 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.

I would like to call attention to an excellent book of family prayers by the Rt. Rev. Ash-

ton Oxenden, D.D., and the Rev. C. H. Ramsden.
 AGNES M. SWAN.
South Toledo, Ohio, August 26th, 1878.

THE CHURCHMAN'S COMPANION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Any one having a copy of "The Churchman's Companion," or "Nashotah," for November, 1877, to dispose of, will find a purchaser by addressing

THE REV. C. B. CHAMPLIN,
Dunkirk, N. Y., August 19th, 1878.

NEW BOOKS.

CHINA. A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People. By John Henry Gray, M.A., LL.D., Archdeacon of Hong Kong. Edited by William Gow Gregor. In Two Volumes: With One Hundred and Forty Illustrations. [London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 397, 374. Price \$10.

China, not many years ago, was comparatively unknown. It lay outside of the rest of our world, isolated and hidden. Commerce and diplomacy, war and travel, have all done their part in breaking down the walls of that exclusiveness, and every year has added much to the growing knowledge of the empire, its history, and its laws.

This work by Archdeacon Gray, it would seem, should complete the "march of knowledge" in that direction. It does not, of course, for that march is, in every direction, perpetual. But this much may be said. It is the fullest picture that can be found of what the Chinese people are to-day. It does not take in all the features of the nation, but those which are represented are almost perfectly portrayed.

The first volume describes the government; the different methods of punishment; the forms of religion; the system of education; the social laws and customs, including those relating to marriage and divorce; the bringing up of children; the slavery, festivals and funerals, amusements and sports. It has also a most curious chapter on "Titles of Honor and Visits of Ceremony," from which we quote a single paragraph. It will show that formality and the laws of etiquette are not confined to people who represent the highest culture. The Court of Louis XVI. was simplicity itself compared to the ceremonious character of the Chinese of to-day. The primitive and natural habits which Rousseau wanted to bring back are evidently unknown to the nation which is, probably, the most primitive of all.

Among these who are of equal rank, and who reside in the imperial capital, a visit of ceremony is conducted as follows: On arriving at the door of his friend's house the visitor, whether he ride on horseback, or in a carriage or sedan-chair, presents through his servant, who on such an occasion never fails to accompany him, a visiting card, which the door-keeper delivers to his master. His master inquires how the visitor is dressed; and if the visitor is in full costume he at once puts on robes of a corresponding description. That done, he goes to the entrance and invites the visitor to alight and enter. As they are about to pass through the centre door of the inner gate the visitor is requested to take precedence—a request which, in the first instance, he most politely declines. On his host repeating it a third time, however, the visitor yields and advances toward the reception-hall, at the door of which the same punctilious interchange of ceremonious civility is repeated. Upon entering the hall the host and his visitor kneel and knock their heads six times upon the ground. On rising, the former arranges, or affects to arrange, the cushion of the chair on which it is intended the latter shall sit, and then, bowing, requests him to be seated. The visitor, who graciously bows in acknowledgment of his host's politeness, seats himself in the chair which is placed on the east side of the hall, that which the host occupies being on the west side. Conversation ensues, and after a reasonable time a servant is ordered to make tea. Two cups are quickly brought for the visitor and his host. Before drinking it, and as they raise their cups to their lips, they bow to each other. The visitor now rises from his chair, and addressing the host, says, "I wish to take leave"; upon which the host bows assent and follows him as he goes

toward the grand entrance of the house. At each doorway through which they pass the visitor bows to his host and requests him not to advance with him any further. The latter, however, is not expected to comply with these polite entreaties; and on reaching the entrance door he remains standing until the visitor has entered his carriage, or mounted his horse, and proceeded on his way.

The second volume opens with a remarkably interesting chapter crowded full with very significant information concerning astrologers and fortune-tellers.

The different benevolent institutions of the country and the several methods of beggary are next described. This chapter is also worthy of special attention. For example, there are no lunatic asylums in the empire. The class for whom such institutions are built in other countries are kept manacled. Lunatics are frequently seen by the side of the highway, bound hand and foot, or running in a state of nudity through the streets, pursued by boys, who beat them "unmercifully with rods."

There are no work-houses, but there are places where, during the Winter season at least, beggars can obtain food and lodging. Small quantities of rice are doled out to each inmate. Even this kind of charity, imperfect as it is, is due not to any feeling of benevolence, but to a fear lest burglaries and other offences might become rife unless the numerous wanderers are provided with a home.

The tramp nuisance prevails there in a worse form than we Americans have seen. It is an old problem with the Chinese, and it seems they have not yet solved it.

The beggars, some of whom are very deformed, resort to various expedients to induce people to give alms. I have seen one bearing on his back a leper so much affected by the disease that his ears and hands and feet were apparently sloughing off. With this loathsome burden the beggar threatened to enter each shop he passed unless the shopkeeper at once administered to his wants. Others go about carrying sharp razors with which they cut themselves to show their misery.

Among the other chapters of this second volume worthy of special mention are those on hotels, pagodas, agriculture, potteries, and fishing.

The work is manifestly an attempt to describe the people as they are. The author enjoyed advantages denied to mere travellers. He lived among the inhabitants and learned their ways thoroughly, and he has given to the world a plain, straightforward, and "unvarnished" statement of what he learned.

The reader will find here many things at variance with the commonly-received opinion concerning the Chinese. Some of them are to the advantage of the nation, and some are not. It has been the tendency of late years to magnify their virtues, and to represent the nation as superior in many respects to the people of Christian nations. No one can read these pages without having that idea dispelled.

We give one more quotation. It is taken from the chapter on astrologers and fortune-tellers. It will serve to remind us of the fact that many of the superstitions which we think new have an ancestry running back into the darkness of legendary times, and are, in reality, older than anything recorded in secular history. Spirit-writing, for example, is regarded by some as a delusion of recent birth, and by others as a fresh revelation—the result of the unveiling of a realm which was hidden from all the men of former times; in short, a new revelation which, because it is new, must supersede that contained in the Bible.

It is well, therefore, to recall what the author says on this subject. It will show that the phenomenon of "spirit-writing," whether genuine or a sham, is not unknown in other parts of the world, and, besides, that some such thing has probably been believed in for unnumbered centuries.

Spirit-writing is another variety of superstition with which the Chinese are familiar, and it is popular with the *literati* and gentry as well as the uneducated masses. It is frequently

practised in private dwelling-houses. There are, however, regular professors of the system, and from morning until night they are visited by persons in every rank and condition seeking to ascertain what the future has in store. In the room of the professor stands a small altar, with offerings of fruits, cakes, and wine; above it is an idol of an angel or spirit named Sow-Yong-Tai-Sien. The votary kneels before the altar, and having prayed and presented the offerings, calls upon the medium to inform him what the spirit has to reply. The professor proceeds with his client to a small table which stands in the corner of the room, and the surface of which is covered with sand. Here he writes mystic characters with a pencil of peach-wood. The pencil is shaped something like a "T," the horizontal piece being the handle of it. The end of the upright, however, is hooked. The professor rests the right end of the handle of the pencil carefully upon the tip of the forefinger of his left hand. The point of the curve of the pencil is made to rest upon the sanded table. Thus supported it moves—apparently of its own accord—rapidly over the surface of the table, writing mystic characters understood only by the professor and his assistant. These are translated into Chinese by the assistant, who is always present, so that the votary may have a perfect knowledge of what the spirit has stated in reply to his questions and prayers.

We have given only the faintest hint of the abundance of information to be found in these two volumes. The subject is one of peculiar interest to Americans. We are in closer connection with the Chinese as a people than that which they have with other nations. They are dwellers among us. Thousands of them are flocking to our Western shore and spreading slowly through the land. The "Chinese Problem" has already become the subject of anxiety and of controversy. This work bears upon it, and contains facts which ought not to be left out of the problem.

KATE WEATHERS; or, Scattered by the Tempest. By Frank Vaughn. [Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.]

Books will be written and books will be read, of all sorts and kinds, by all sorts and kinds of people, so long as the world moves; but that such a book as "Kate Weathers" should find many readers, much less admirers, would be something very much to be regretted.

The scene is laid on the North Carolina coast, among the wretched people known to the inhabitants of the mainland as "Bunkers." The writer, going into the most minute and offensive details of these people's daily life, revels in blood and bad language. The plot is monstrous and most improbable and weak. Such learned French sailors as Francois and Jeannot, conversant with the scientific name of every beast, bird, reptile, tree, or herb that ever roared, flew, crawled, or grew; and with all their learning such humble-minded, correct English-speaking heroes, were never shipwrecked on any coast, let alone that of North Carolina. That one man's brain could have conceived so many horrors is a mystery, and the story would be a most pernicious one to fall into the hands of any young person. We can only condemn and regret that such a book was ever printed. "Kate Weathers" is introduced to the public in a very attractive dress of blue, and the letter-press is a fine piece of work.

LEISURE HOUR SERIES, No. 96, "Hathercourt." By Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham), Author of "The Cuckoo Clock," etc. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Notwithstanding the attractiveness to us of things new, we are content to take up a book of the Leisure Hour Series in its plain and well-accustomed dress, and be thankful.

The contents of the one at hand—"Hathercourt"—do not disappoint us. The reader is made acquainted with the very pleasant family of an English clergyman, and follows the love affairs of the two oldest daughters with deep interest, notwithstanding the fact that Mary Weston, the sensible, wise, and practical young lady, does not think she has any such affair. This character is a strong one, and well drawn. It is a positive comfort to come

cross a really sensible girl in a novel, and one who can fight her own battles, and also (as in this case) her sisters'. She shoulders the troubles of her eldest sister, Lillias the beautiful, with a good will.

Lillias's lover, Arthur Beverly, is unfortunately the creature of circumstances, and suffers a great deal by the unjust will of his father, who decrees that his son shall marry his own cousin, Alys Cheviott, and, as is usual in such cases, he don't want to. Alys discovers this, and tells her cousin that nothing could induce her to marry him, though we suspect this to be a sacrifice on her part, and think she is really very fond of him. Lawrence Cheviott, the brother of Alys, is the strong male character in the book; and though at "glowers" until we are out of patience, we are glad to see him smile at last on our little favorite Mary, and sue for her hand in all humility. The conversations are bright and pleasant, and we wish there were more of them.

One impression made upon our minds by this story is the very strong caste feeling in England, which we republicans are apt to think strained. However, we are obliged to Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham) for providing us with one of the most readable and pure-toned novels of the season.

LITERATURE.

THE Secretary of the Académie Française has been authorized to accept a legacy of 40,000 francs, bequeathed by M. Lelevain to found a yearly prize for wisdom, virtue, and probity.

A ROYAL quadrennial prize of 25,000 francs for the best work on national history has been awarded in Belgium to M. Alphonse Wauters for his publication on "Communal liberties; an Essay on their Origin and Development in Belgium, the North of France, and on the Banks of the Rhine."

WE have received Parts 5, 7, 8, 21, 22, 23, and 24 of Farrar's "Life of Christ," illustrated, and published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York. Of the book itself we need not speak. This edition is beautifully printed, and the illustrations are of a high order of excellence.

THE London *Athenæum* says that several of the bishops considered the exclusion of reporters from the Lambeth Conference quite unnecessary, nothing having been said in the course of the discussions which there was any object in keeping from the public eye. The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin to be publishers of the official report.

DR. E. DE PRESSENSE, late member of the French Assembly at Versailles, will give the French view of the political, social, and ecclesiastical situation in Europe and the verdict of the Congress at Berlin, in the September-October number of the *International Review*. Aside from his personal qualification as a writer and student of political history, the view from this standpoint has not before been presented, and possesses great general interest.

THE Messrs. Rivingtons, of London, have nearly ready for publication the first volume of a new edition of the Bible, with a commentary by the Rev. J. H. Blunt. It is to be called "The Annotated Bible," and is intended for ordinary educated readers "as distinguished from the laboriously learned." Besides maps and engravings, it will contain fac-similes and specimens of Old English Bibles. In the commentary scarcely any

space will be occupied with controversy, the results of inquiry being given without the reasoning; and much matter has been condensed into a tabular form. The first volume goes down to the Book of Esther.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., of New York, are issuing a new edition of the British poets under the name of the "Riverside Edition." The books are of uniform and convenient size. The letter-press is printed on cream-colored satin smooth paper. Each volume contains a memoir of the author, and elaborate foot-notes. The poets already received are Moore, in three volumes; Chatterton, in one volume; and Scott, in five volumes. Each of these contains a fine steel engraving of the author in the first volume. We wish to call particular attention to that of Sir Walter Scott at the age of fifty; a copy from the finest picture of the great novelist and poet known to exist. For beauty of coloring and quiet elegance and finish, no handsomer edition has, in our estimation, ever been issued. The price is such as to bring this edition within the reach of every lover of the famous poets, and is likely to supply a want long felt. The "Riverside Edition" is to embrace all the standard British poets: the whole series to be issued at short intervals.

SCIENCE.

A PATENT has recently been issued in Germany, says the *Deutsche Industrie Zeitung*, for a process of compressing ground and burnt coffee, for the purpose of making it more readily transportable and unalterable for a length of time. For this purpose the coffee is subjected to a pressure of from forty to seventy atmospheres in suitable cast-iron moulds. The coffee is thus made into cakes, and comes into the market in a form resembling chocolate, divided as the latter is by ribs to facilitate breaking into pieces of suitable size for use. The interior surface of the moulds is highly polished, by which artifice the outer crust of the compressed coffee is made sufficiently smooth and hard to prevent the tendency of the ethereal oil of the coffee to escape from the interior of the cakes. The volume of the coffee thus prepared is reduced to less than one third of that of the original. It is asserted that the operation does not in the least affect its good qualities, and that it can be packed and transported in tin-foil or other packages, preserving its aroma indefinitely.

A recent number of the *Lawrence (Mass.) American* gives the following account of interesting experiments with a microphone, witnessed by the editor: By the courtesy of Agent Fallon, of the Pacific Mills, who is quite an enthusiast in scientific matters, we spent a delightful hour a few days since in experiments with that latest marvel of discovery, the microphone, a little instrument which becomes to the ear what the microscope is to the eye. . . . The microphone of Mr. Fallon, imported from England, is a simple little affair; a thin piece of deal, perhaps five inches by three, insulated by means of four bits of rubber, one at each corner, on which it rests; to this is attached a small ordinary battery; a small piece of pure carbon is fastened with a bit of wire to the board, and another piece of carbon like an inch and a half pipe-stem is pivoted near the centre from little supports, one end resting upon the piece strapped to the board; the wires by which the sound is to be conveyed are attached to either corner of the board, and connected by other

wires with the carbon vibrator and the battery; the carbon, highly charged as it is with mercury, possesses the power not only of conductivity and of reproducing sound, but of vastly increasing its power, and as the microscope reveals to the eye of man the most insignificant of nature's works, so does the microphone disclose to our hearing otherwise inaudible sound. Mr. Fallon has connected with his microphone some 600 feet of wire, and in the room at the other end an ordinary Bell telephone attachment. During the experiments which we made with the assistance of Mr. Rideout, a watch was placed upon the instrument, and through the nearly one eighth of a mile of wire came to the ear not only the separate ticking, resounding like the heavy beating of a marine or tower clock, but we could clearly detect the whirr of the minute wheels, the buzz and friction of the delicate machinery of the watch. Then the watch was removed, and the gentlest sweep of the down of a feather, brushed as lightly as possible across the board, reached the ear magnified to sound like the coarse grating of a file or the scraping of a heavy brush. Then a small wire cage, containing two common house flies, was placed on the instrument, and to the listening ear, 600 feet away, distinctly came the soft and irregular patter of the tiny feet, as the flies walked over the board; and as they flew from one side of their cage to the other, the sound as they struck against the fine wire was heard with a sharp metallic ring, altogether like that of the hammer of a boiler-maker as he rivets the bolts in the iron cylinder. We were somewhat sceptical in relation to this last experiment, it seemed so much beyond credence, and the wires were detached, the annunciator fastened to the instrument, with only a few feet of wire, and we sat down in front of the little wonder, and with our eyes made certain that there was no possibility of deceit as to the source of the marvellous sounds to which we listened; but there was no difference, the footfalls of the fly came with no seeming greater distinctness than when transmitted through 600 feet of wire, and we see no reason why miles may not be added with the same result. Conversation in the room where the instrument was located, without the intervention of a mouth-piece, as in the telephone, was distinctly heard at the other end of the wire.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
6. Friday. Fast.
8. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
13. Friday. Fast.
15. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
18. Ember Day. Fast.
20. Ember Day. Fast.
21. { St. Matthew.
- { Ember Day. Fast.
22. Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
27. Friday. Fast.
29. { St. Michael and All Angels.
- { Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"THY LAW."

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

"O how I love Thy law! It is my meditation all the day."
"Christ is the fulfilling of the law."

How can we say, without the condemnation
Of our own hearts accusing us of wrong—
'I love Thy law; it is my meditation
The whole day long?"

Thy law is pure, and strict to mark offences;
And we, how lightly into sin we fall!
By trifles tempted, by ungoverned senses
Still held in thrall.

The soul that sinneth—so Thy law declareth—
Shall surely die; and not a soul is born
But by inheritance of human nature shareth
The doom forlorn.

Stern law and sad for daily meditation!
Not David's love, I think, had long endured,
But for the vision of an expiation
At last secured.

With eyes anointed he beheld Thy coming,
O blessed Christ, and through ages saw
The sinless One who, all our sins assuming,
Fulfilled the law.

Give to us now, who in these later ages
Have seen the shining of the sacred star;
And do possess the joy that seers and sages
Gazed at afar—

Give to us, Lord, the fervent adoration
For love and justice so divinely blent;
That shall inspire our daily meditation
With deep content.

Not always, even with the satisfaction
Of its extreme requirement made by Thee,
Can our weak spirits meet the law's exaction
And penalty.

There is so much that baffles comprehension,
So many hours are darkened with strange pain;
And earnest effort fails of its intention,
And prayer seems vain.

Too often in the shadow of our sorrow
We murmur at the love that sorrow sends:
And question whether any fair to-morrow
Will make amends.

Our lives are full of cares and contradictions
That vex our souls, their need misunderstood;
And God, we cry, might spare us these afflictions
That yield no good.

O Holy One, whose life was not exempted
From any grief on human nature laid;
Be Thou our refuge when our souls are tempted
And sore dismayed.

Thou knowest all the foes that do torment us,
Convince us of Thy tender sympathy;
And for the grace that surely shall prevent us
We trust in Thee.

So shall our hearts grow calm in faith and patience,
So shall our anxious prayers be turned to praise;
And Love Divine make sweet our meditations
Through all the days.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity, 1878.

If the animal in us is not subject to the mind, it is because the mind or man is not subject to the Lord.—Jukes.

THE GIRLS OF ST. ANDREW'S.*

BY JENNIE HARRISON,
Author of "The Choir Boys of Cheswick," etc.

XXIV.

On the third evening of the church work, Nelson came home triumphant, bringing Alfred Evert with him. And the delighted surprise of both girls fully repaid him for the pains he had taken.

It seemed so long to Fannie since she had parted from her brother, and she had so many questions to ask him that she could scarcely give her attention to anything else.

"You will let us into all your Cheswick secrets, Fan!" said Julia laughing, as her friend uttered one inquiry after another in her brother's ear.

"She won't eat any dinner if she keeps on this way, and that's worse!" said Nelson; "for we are going to work late to-night, you know."

Even Alfred himself bent down and said, in his low, pleasant voice; "Do you know that you are monopolizing all the table-talk?" "Oh!" said Fannie, with a start and a little look of confusion, as she realized how it was, "excuse me, Mrs. Reed; I did not mean to be so selfish!"

Mrs. Reed bowed her stately head and smiled her stately smile, and said she saw quite plainly that Fannie would never come back and be a St. Andrew's girl again.

"Oh, but she is, mother!" said Julia; "you should see her at work among the greens! There isn't a more enthusiastic person there, is there, Nelson?"

"No. We shall finish our cross to-night," he replied, laughing across the table at Fannie, who began to eat in good earnest when she remembered the work waiting at the church.

It was the night of "the literary," and the meeting was at Maggie Tressel's. All the other members were there when our party arrived.

"It isn't my fault!" said Alfred, shaking hands all around and receiving a hearty welcome.

"That you are late? No, I daresay not! It was probably our big president himself who kept you!"

The "big president" did not let them stand to talk long then, but called the meeting to order. A motion to adjourn was soon carried, and the whole party started eagerly for the church.

"But I want to see and hear some of the doings of this remarkable society!" said Alfred.

"Oh, well, you shall have a chance yet. You are going to stay until after New Year's."

"I ought to go back before that."

"Oh, now, hear him! ought to! How much of those mills do you run yourself personally?"

Alfred laughed good-naturedly, and said he saw clearly that Palmer did not realize the importance of being a man of business.

"No, I'll answer for that," said Ned. "He talks Greek by the yard, though, and tries to inspire every one with a reverence for college songs and college jokes."

"Well, whatsoever we do, let us do it with our might," said Nelson, in a solemn voice.

And they all looked up at him, half surprised and wholly pleased.

* Copyrighted.

"The oracle has spoken, now we'll go in," said Palmer; and they entered the church door.

As they passed to the Sunday-school room they were greeted gladly.

"How long you have been! There are ever so many things waiting for you."

They scattered about, and each one took up the work where it had been left the night before.

It was a busy and pleasant scene. Great coils of evergreen rope lay in the corners, ready for use. Wreaths and crosses in all stages of progress were in various parts of the room. Willing hands were at work everywhere—bringing in greens from outside, cutting, bunching, tying, measuring, and nailing. Over it all the gas-light shone, lighting up the dark greens, and showing the happy faces that were bent over the work.

"I wonder how many of them are thinking of making the temple all beautiful for Him who is coming; binding in with these evergreens true love and devotion, and loyal service to the meek and lowly King? I wonder if any of them are thinking of the inner temple of the heart where He loves to dwell; and how it should be prepared for His coming, made beautiful and bright, and adorned with all sweet and gentle graces?"

It was Miss Walker who was coming in the door with her brother, and who stopped in the shadow to look at it all, and to say that to herself.

Her eyes rested with peculiar tenderness upon each one of her class as she looked from one group to another, and she felt a great longing that these little girls should wear the best ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, devoting hearts and lives to the service of the great King. It would not be very long, she felt, before the girls would leave her and go forward to life's great lessons, in which only one Teacher could ever help them. Some of them had taken the first steps already, and found them not easy. How earnestly she desired that the King for whose coming they were preparing the "box and the pine and the fir-tree" should come to them as He had never come before—as their accepted Saviour, whose footsteps they would follow through all the journey of life.

Miss Walker was not allowed to stand there on the threshold and think very long. There was coming and going all the time. Some one with two great armsful of evergreen brushed against her just then, and she passed out of the way, in among the lights and the busy hum of voices.

"What's this?" some one said, as the greens were carried in.

"Cheswick wood has come to St. Andrew's!" replied a voice in the midst of the branches. And Palmer deposited his load gracefully at the feet of the workers.

"There's no treachery about it either! Isn't it beautiful green?"

"Cheswick workers have come to St. Andrew's, too," said the rector, watching Fannie's busy fingers that were finishing off the beautiful cross.

"And I wish they would stay here!" said Maggie Tressel, who sat lazily twining some sprays of red berries in Fannie's hair.

"Are you off duty, Maggie?"

"Oh, yes. I am only on for special occasions. See here, Ned, isn't that pretty?"

"Maggie is like a butterfly; she goes from one group to another, and gets some sweets from each."

But there were busy workers there, if there were a butterfly or two among them, like Maggie, more for ornament than use. They worked later than usual that night. There was a great deal to be done yet, and the hours were slipping away. Fannie Evert's cross and crown were completed that night, and received universal admiration.

"They shall be the first things that are put up," said Mr. Barrow. And they all followed to the church to look while he and Nelson placed them.

When the last night came, and the last sprig was tied, they all felt fully repaid for their labor, as they watched the decorations, one after another, arranged in their appropriate places; and saw St. Andrew's more beautiful than ever in its Christmas robes. First, the long ropes, wreathing every pillar, and surrounding all the windows, the chancel rail, and every available place. Then the stars and crosses, with their shining red berries, hung here and there.

"A cross, whichever way you look!" Julia said to herself again, remembering the cross on the little church at Cheswick.

Then the graceful branches, in their native beauty, hanging from the arches overhead. And lastly the lettering, which was put up with great care; while some of the ladies attended to the wreathing of the font, altar, and lectern.

How beautiful it was, as the work drew to a close! and how the voices, that had been merry in the Sunday-school room, became hushed and reverent as they spoke in the holy temple! How many hearts had grown closer together in Christian sympathy during that week of pleasant church work; and how they all lingered there, gazing fondly at the result of their labors! The chimes rang out the hours; and no one noticed—until at last, when all was done, they stood, silently looking around—and the bells rang twelve.

"Christmas morning!" said some one in a low, surprised voice.

And then in the hush the rector spoke in clear, earnest tones:

"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary; and I will make the place of My feet glorious."

And they went out together into the still, starlit air, with hearts filled with the sweet dawn-light of the Christmas joy.

XXV.

It was a pleasant Christmas to the girls of St. Andrew's; perhaps the pleasantest, and certainly the best, they had ever spent. Do you wonder at this, since some of them had begun to understand something of the cares and responsibilities and perplexities that lie often just beyond girlhood?

Ah, that is because the good God, who orders all our lives, loves us more than we can tell, and knows far better than we do what is the best thing for us. If He had sent a little disappointment, a little trouble and change, a little more work and less play, into the lives of these girls, it was only to make those lives larger and truer and braver; growing out more and more toward the life that is "hid with Christ in God." The girls hardly understood it themselves. They wondered at it, perhaps, as much as you do—at the sweet, new, peaceful joy that came to them that Christmas morning, such a joy as had not come on any Christmas before.

Some of them realized that they had

dropped some girlish freedom and carelessness from their lives; but they did not know that it was like the bright blossoms falling from trees when the fruit begins to grow. Some of the beautiful fruits of the Spirit were already beginning to grow in their lives that Christmas morning; and oh, were they not worth the cost? were they not better than the blossoms which had dropped to make place for them? "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—surely some of these had begun to grow in some of the girl-hearts. And that was what made the Christmas so strangely glad and good to them.

I wish that I could take you into each girl's home and show you how the Christmas light rose and shone for each; but it would be too long a journey, and I can only give you a glimpse at one or two.

There were no extravagant gifts, as had been customary, in Mr. Adams's home that year. Sophy said that "everything should centre in the children"; and she and Ned had taken all the burden off father's shoulders of making a "jolly Christmas," as Ned called it, at home. It was surprising to see how they enjoyed it.

All three of the children went hurrying into Sophy's room in the morning, full of noisy delight. They had never done it before; but they seemed to understand then that it was the place for them. And Sophy, roused from the morning nap that she loved so well, bade them welcome; having smiles and words of sympathy for all—Lizzie, with her grave, earnest face; Tom, with his clamorous boy-fun, and little Ethel, hugging her Christmas toys in childish delight.

There was a great deal for Sophy to do that morning. First, there was the breakfast, which must be bright and pleasant, letting in the Christmas light to shine on all; then there were the arrangements for the Christmas dinner, which Sophy was anxious her father should enjoy as much as usual; and then there were the children to be dressed for church. Sophy amused them, during the operation, by telling them how beautifully the church looked in its Christmas dress, and explaining one of the Sunday-school carols, which had puzzled them with

"Wreath your Christmas garland,
Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel,
On our festal day."

"Say, Sophy, is it a birthday, just like we have?" asked Tom, looking up suddenly into his sister's face.

"Yes, Tom; Jesus' birthday."

"Should think we ought to give Him presents, then!" said Tom to himself, as he bent thoughtfully over a shining new sled.

Sophy explained to him how every one might do so. And then a sudden longing came into her heart to give herself wholly, openly, to this Saviour. "It is the gift He asks for, and I ought to be ready."

In Julia Reed's home the Christmas cheer was bright. Evergreens were hung in all the rooms, and Mr. Reed and his wife were full of old-fashioned Christmas courtesy. "Merry Christmas" resounded everywhere, and Fannie and Alfred were quite happy in the midst of it all.

Julia's old thought came to her again in church—"Always the cross—everywhere the cross." But this time she added: "The dear cross that Jesus carried first of all! I think I could almost love it. I think I could be

willing to lay down all the pretty, easy things I meant to carry with me through life and take the cross instead." Then a verse of the old Sunday-school hymn came to her mind:

"Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me."

Ellen Marks rose, when the Christmas light shone in, with a resolve to carry a full cup all that day; to gather each drop of happiness by the way, and let it make her own life, and all around her, fresh and bright. And first, because she had failed so often, she knew that He only could help her who had once left all joy behind Him in His Father's home, and come to earth to save and bless His people. So, with the words of the Christmas collect still in her heart—"Grant that we, being regenerate and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit"—she went downstairs, carrying her little gifts for uncle and aunt, and making them more precious with her affectionate words and cheerful smile.

Maggie Tressel was like a glad child in the midst of her Christmas joy.

"Such beautiful presents!" she exclaimed, running and kissing her mother; "and the beautiful mother herself, the best gift of all!—new every morning and fresh every evening!"

Little Maggie laughed in the joy of her heart, and went to church feeling that God was very good.

St. Andrew's had a beautiful Christmas service. The grand old *Te Deum* rang from all lips joyously, and the "glad tidings" echoed among the evergreens. Every heart was touched with the "peace and good-will."

Nelson Reed sat by his sister's side, and Alfred Evert sang in the choir, as they had urged him to, with as happy a face as if he had gone back to boyhood.

Fannie was glad with a truer gladness than she had ever known in all the years she had been a girl at St. Andrew's; for it was the gladness which comes to a heart that loves and serves the Prince of Peace. Fannie had learned in Cheswick what gives the Christmas-time its highest joy, and she sat in St. Andrew's with a new light over all the old associations.

In the evening there was the Sunday-school celebration, with the carols and the tree. Alfred was going with the girls; but Nelson said it was "a bore," and he thought he would go out while they were away, and keep a sort of half engagement he had made.

"Don't stay late, for we shall be back early," called Julia as he went out.

"Of course I can't expect him to be a boy always, and care for Christmas carols and such things!" she said to Fannie as they went upstairs.

"No," answered her friend, going back to think of Julia's own favorite quotation; "you must only make plenty of pleasant home-supports on which your vine may run when it pleases, keep the sun shining for it, stand ever near as if seeking its good shelter, and trust for the end."

"Why, what a poet you are!" said Julia, turning to her friend with glistening eyes. "I never heard you talk so before."

"It's only your own inspiration; I shine by reflected light!" answered Fannie laughing.

Then they went to sing the carols under the lights of the beautiful tree.

It was the last time that these girls of St. Andrew's ever took part, as scholars of the Sunday-school, in a Christmas celebration. They supposed it would be so, for they were growing beyond the age of Sunday-school girls, and the rector was looking to their class for future teachers of the school.

It was a happy Christmas night to them; and they were especially glad, because Fannie Evert was with them, and the class was complete as when it had first been formed under Miss Walker's care.

They walked homeward all together, humming bits of carols in the gladness of their hearts, and talking seriously between.

There was only one thing that marred the pleasure of the evening—Nelson did not come home, although Fannie and Julia waited long to tell him about it all.

XXVI.

The bright days of the holiday week passed on, and each one had some special pleasure planned "for Alfred's benefit."

Fannie had at first proposed to go home with him, but Julia persuaded her to stay, and the other girls claimed that they had not had their share of her yet.

Alfred attended a meeting of the literary society, and was much pleased at it.

"We must get up something like this in Cheswick," he said to his sister.

"Oh no, you mustn't, for we want Fannie every Winter."

"So do the Cheswick people," he answered, laughing, and feeling a little proud of his sister. "The question is asked me a dozen times every day, 'When is Miss Fannie coming home?' The Sunday-school library wants replenishing," he added, turning to Fannie, "and they are talking of—"

"We'll replenish it ourselves," interrupted Ida, "see if we don't; only let us keep Fannie. What kind of books do you want, and how shall they be covered and numbered? I'm in earnest, and they will all stand by me, wont you, friends?"

Every one assented, and the girls were quite pleased with Ida's proposition to do something for the Cheswick Sunday-school. So there was nothing left for Alfred to do but promise to send them a "catalogue" as soon as he went home.

There was much talk about a literary entertainment to be given to a select circle of friends before Fannie went away, and after the holiday excitement had died out.

"It must be good, or we wont have it at all," they said.

"So let each one carefully cultivate his or her special talent for the occasion. And 'my lord president,' as Fannie calls him, will probably work up something astonishing, wont you, Nelson?"

"I don't know," answered Nelson, who had seemed to lose a little spirit of late; "I wont make any rash promises."

"Did you ever know him to fail when the time came?" said some girlish voice in the group. And then somebody ran her fingers over the piano keys and struck the chords of a favorite song, which they all joined in singing.

For New Year's day the boys had some special plan in which the girls could not, of course, join, as it wasn't "a proper day for them to be out." Nelson did not go with them, as they had hoped he would. He was away all day; and the girls spent the time in

various ways, though Julia declared that it was the longest day she had ever known.

"If every day of the year is to be equally long, what an amount of work one can accomplish," said Fannie, smiling at her friend's sober face and dropping her balls and needle softly behind a statuette in the corner, lest Mrs. Reed should be shocked to find her working, as she swept into the room to receive a new caller.

Julia read "New Year's Eve," from "The May Queen," aloud, between the calls, while Fannie knit; and then they both talked over it. They looked back, and laughed at the "resolutions for the new year" which they had made in girlish faith.

"On clean white paper, with fine flourishes, and never kept one more than a week," laughed Julia.

"That was the very trouble!" answered Fannie. "Making resolutions for a year! just think of it! enough to discourage any one! I have learned better than that."

"Do you make any now?"

"I never take up a whole year, and look it in the face and say, 'I resolve to do so and so through it all.' Why, how foolish—a big year—we haven't got it, at all! and perhaps we sha'n't have more than a single day of it given to us. It is enough for me to take one day at a time, and try to make that good. It is hard enough even then, and sometimes it is best to go hour by hour."

"How much you have learned, Fannie! I wish I could understand things as you do. What you say reminds me of something I overheard your rector saying once at Cheswick: 'letting each day make its own joy,' he said; and I have often thought of it since. I suppose it is the same way with letting each day make its own good."

"I suppose so. One day at a time is as much as we can undertake. So don't let us make any resolutions for the year."

Fannie Evert was right. One day at a time is the secret of every noble life—one day at a time, taken up bravely, with its duties faithfully done as they come, its trials patiently borne, its temptations firmly resisted, its cross cheerfully carried, its joys rightly used, and its gladness gathered from every hour as it passes on!

Julia's thoughts about it were interrupted by another call.

And so the New Year's day went by. Towards evening Julia thought of her grate fire in the library, and wondered if they might not enjoy it together, "in case Nelson comes in early."

"Have it at any rate," suggested Fannie. "It can't do any harm, and you and I can sit and dream over it when it is too late for company."

So the fire was lighted. As the girls stood in the early twilight, enjoying the blaze and warmth, some one came hurriedly in the front door and was heard asking for them.

"It sounds like Ned," said Julia, going to the door.

It was Ned, and the look on his face startled both girls as he entered the library.

"Ned! what is the matter? tell me quick! It isn't Nelson?" cried Julia, struck with a sudden fear.

"No, it isn't Nelson," repeated Ned. "It is Maggie's mother! And who would ever have thought of such trouble coming to our bright little butterfly! I went to call there"—Ned stopped to shudder at the remembrance—"and they told me at the door

that she had died, suddenly, about an hour before."

"Died! Oh, Ned!"

"It was heart disease, they said; and she had always known it. I think she ought to have told Maggie."

"Poor Maggie!" It was all the girls could say for some time. It had not seemed possible, as Ned said, that sorrow could come to bright little Maggie; and they could scarcely realize it.

"How selfish I was," thought Julia, "to think of Nelson first! There are worse troubles than mine."

"Where are the boys?" asked Fannie, suddenly beginning to wonder why Ned came alone.

"They went to tell Miss Walker; I thought she ought to know. And as I came to see Mr. Barrow, and was so near, I said I would meet them here."

They sat and talked sorrowfully of it; wondering why the greatest change and the heaviest sorrow should have come to Maggie, whose life had always been sunshine, and who seemed least able to bear any pain.

They could not tell; but God knew, and He loved little Maggie better than they did.

So the first bright day of the new year went out, and took with it the sunlight from Maggie Tressel's home. The "beautiful mother"—God's best gift; the gift which the girl had never tired of gazing upon, day or night, with eager affection—was taken away!

But I think that God, in taking away this treasure, had stood Himself very close to Maggie—very, very close—wanting her so to come and find rest and comfort in His great love. He stands near to every one of us so, in every time of sorrow; so that we can always have one place to turn to and find peace and blessing, though the whole earth looks dark and joyless.

Nelson Reed returned home late, very late, that night, and was astonished to find his sister sitting there still, by the slowly dying fire. "Waiting for him," she said, though she did not look up to see his face. She did not dare to. And the brother was glad of it. He stood by the door; and she told him about Maggie's mother, in quick, low words, with her eyes bent upon the floor. It touched him more than she knew.

"Poor little Maggie! Whose turn will come next I wonder?" He stood sad and silent for some moments, and then said, in a changed and gentle voice, "What made you sit up, Julia? You will be tired out. Go to bed now. Good-night." And he went slowly upstairs.

(To be continued.)

AUGUST SAILING.

In the bright morn from out the little bay
We slowly drifted, and at noon the wind,
O'ercome with heat, had flagged and dropped
behind.

Under the tyrannous sunshine all the day
We moved so lazily one scarce could say
We moved at all. Upon the deck at night,
Beside the moon-blanch'd sail, beneath the
bright,

High-hung, great stars, with open eyes we lay;
Slept for a moment in the utter hush,
Then waked again to hear the sudden rush
Of swift-flowing water, as we made our way
Straight to the east, and coming o'er the sea
Saw the young morn, that with slow, sweet delay
Began to draw her veil of mystery.

—H. Everett, in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

THE LATE RICHARD UPJOHN.

BY A. Z. G.

The great crying need of our Church in this day is of men, Churchmen, in all the real vital meaning of the term—men who are not ashamed of their Lord, of their faith, of their Church, and who place that allegiance paramount to all others. We have of such men, thank God, not a few; but certainly not as many by far as we ought to have in this nineteenth Catholic century; and, humanly speaking, it would seem as if we could not afford to lose any of them. We have—the American Church has—just lost one of these men; or rather, speaking spiritually, has she gained in his sainted example. Few better, nobler, simpler, sturdier illustrations of her truth and training have adorned this first century of her transplanted life than the character and career of Richard Upjohn.

Though of English birth, he came to this land so young as to make it thoroughly and heartily his own. We should, however, be worse than ungrateful, did we not yield most cheerfully our tribute to the strongly-fibred stuff—the old English oaken basis—to which America owes so much of her own head and heart strength, and upon which was built the fabric of his simple, single, manly churchly character.

We will not stop to dwell upon the features and phases of his professional career. We have said, perhaps, the most when we can call him the father of Church architecture in this country. The tribute paid to him by one of his professional brethren tells, with equal conciseness, the whole story—that he found his profession in a crude and low condition, and before long, by his principles and talents, he had raised it to the high honorable reputation it bears to-day.

Perhaps no worthier example could be given of the elevated, uncompromising standard he set before him in his art than his refusal, many years ago, to design an edifice which was to be devoted to the worship of a denomination that had dropped from its fabric the Divine Corner-stone himself. However misunderstood and disliked may have been the act itself, surely no honest soul could fail to appreciate and respect the courage and loyalty of the position; and surely no Catholic-minded individual but would thank God and take courage at such fidelity, and indeed pray Him to give us somewhat more of such good and strong backbone!

For a score or more of years Mr. Upjohn has been living at Garrison's-on-the-Hudson. Here he had made himself a home after his own heart—a picturesque cottage, and ample, pleasant grounds, situated amid the grand Highland scenery. As he grew older and more infirm he settled down entirely into this quiet country life, and found his greatest pleasure in a devotion to all the forms and phases of nature, which showed his true artist's soul. He was never so happy as when in this observation of hill and river and dale, and the arching, ever-changing sky over all, which constitute the glorious beauty of our Hudson Highlands; or, again, in wayside study of tree and shrub and plant, reading the story of God's grace and love, not only in the lofty and imposing, but also in the little silent things of His earth. It was most suggestively pleasant to see him at such times, and to follow his faithful eye whither his feeble feet and other failing faculties could hardly reach.

But it was in the church, as may be imagined, that he found his chief happiness. Too deaf of late years to hear one word of the service, yet he was always, when physically able, in his pew, following patiently, with the aid of his devoted helpmeet, the Divine worship. Never have we known an instance which showed more gloriously the all-sufficiency of the Church's provision for her children. He would sit there and read all the precious meanings of God in the very stones of His sanctuary, in her inward adornment and in the fruits of her imperishable liturgy. The little Highland church was as the apple of his eye. He had designed it as a labor of love, to replace the older structure, which had stood upon the beautiful hill and amid the majestic trees for a century of years. In the western wall was the great round window of the angels, which he had put in as a memorial to two departed children.

Surely nothing more touching could be seen than in the early hour of communion to behold the first rays of blessed light streaming through the stained windows of the little sanctuary and resting on the tottering form of the aged believer as he advanced with difficulty to the altar of his God. Only three weeks before his death he came to this first sacramental service of the Lord's day to seek the grace of that presence, in which now we have trust and confidence that he is at rest.

His last illness and departure were to those privileged to be near him another most blessed testimony to the triumph of the cross and the power of the Saviour. During much of that time, seemingly unconscious, yet happily without pain, he would arouse at intervals to smile upon his beloved and to lift his heart and voice in devout ejaculation to and invocation of his covenant God. As he himself averred, he was strong to die. It was a blessing beyond measure to behold in his last physical weakness the sustaining, guiding hand of the "strong Son of God." And so he passed away from our loving sight, and by tender reverent hands his mortal remains were consigned to repose in the quiet churchyard, where he had desired to lie.

Brethren from near and far, both clergy and laity, came to render their last tribute of respect and regard; and as we stood about the grave, in view of the everlasting hills and all the glorious Summer beauty of the world he loved so wisely and well, and sang, to conclude our Catholic service, the *Gloria in Excelsis*, we could not but feel content to leave him there beneath the protecting shadow of the Lord's holy temple and the endless requiem of the rustling trees, to await "the general resurrection of the last day and the life of the world to come."

CURRENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

BY E. W. L.

During the past eighteen months I have been led, very unexpectedly, to considerable acquaintance with the current French periodical literature. My surprise has been great at the change which has taken place in it during the past twenty-five years.

Take *Figaro*, for instance, and compare its "Supplement de Dimanche," containing stories and anecdotal light literature, with newspaper matter of the same kind scattered broadcast over our country every Saturday. Although I should not willingly endorse all stories in its columns, the French paper seems

to me as superior in the general tone of its morality to similar weekly literature from our own press, as its stories are in literary workmanship. *Figaro* most assuredly makes no pretence to a high moral or religious tone; it simply aims at suiting its public, and its public must demand food very different from that which it is our fashion to suppose would suit its taste. Even Zola, whose principal works may be most justly placed in the family *Index Expurgatorius*, can write lovely little idylls for this story-paper.

The truth is that the German war and the reaction against the Commune have taught lessons of the utmost value to Frenchmen. Some time ago they passed through a fierce political crisis with as little interruption to social order as we do through a presidential election. Self-restraint, reverence, and at least an artistic appreciation of religion and morality, seem to be springing up in the fields of French literature. Those who know France well have long known that her domestic life was but ill represented in her novels. George Sand worked herself clear in her latter days from the disorders of her youthful opinions and experiences. Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" is not a lovelier, purer idyll than "François le Champi," "La Mare au Diable," "La Petite Fadette," "Jean de la Roche," or "La Famille Germaine."

Unfortunately, the French novels put upon our market have been selected (until lately) from the most unwholesome kind. If breaches of the Seventh Commandment are not too flagrant, publishers and the novel-reading public seem to accept French, English, or American stories without questioning their tendencies. We have imported the broadest of French story-books as we import the loudest of French toilets, and fancy we are following French taste when young girls for whom such toilets and such novels were never designed in France adopt them or peruse them. But underlying our coarse skimmings of French literature are things "pure, lovely, and of good report" which are written for a public little known to us, but which, from the fact that the proprietors of periodical light literature cater for its tastes, must be continually increasing.

In a recent *Figaro* I find a review of a new volume of poems—"Les Recits et les Elegies"—by François Coppée, published during the last week of June, 1878. One of the poems is extracted by the reviewer for its simple purity and grace. It is called "Un Evangile," and will remind the American reader of Cowper's "Walk to Emmaus," in his "Conversation," or Leigh Hunt's better known "Abou ben Adhem." I venture to present it in a translation:

AN EVANGEL.

The Lord alone with Peter walked one day
Where bright Gennesareth in sunshine lay,
At that hour when the sun has fiercest glare.
They reached a cottage as they wandered, where
Before a doorway, ruinous and low,
A fisher's widow sat in garb of woe,
Full of sad thoughts. Yet she forbore to weep
That she might spin her task and rock her babe
to sleep.

Not far away the Lord and Peter stood,
Half-hidden by a fig-tree in a wood.

As they looked on unseen, along the road
Came an old beggar staggering with a load,
An earthen jar poised on his trembling head.
He paused before the widow, and he said:
"Woman, this milk has to be carried still
A half-mile further over yonder hill.
But, as you see, exhausted by the heat,
I cannot get it to the village street;

And if I find no help I lose to-day
The penny I was promised as my pay."

The widow rose. She neither spoke nor smiled,
But dropped her distaff, ceased to lull her child,
Raised the tall pitcher slowly on her head,
Waved the man on, and I followed in his tread.

Then eager Peter spoke. "Master," he said,
"Tis right to succor those who need our aid;
But is this woman doing right to fly
From house and child to help a passer-by?
Doubtless the man need not have travelled far
To find some idler who would bear his jar."

Then the Lord looked on Peter. "Be thou sure
Whene'er a poor man helps a man more poor
My Father's care o'er his own home is thrown.
She hath done well in that which she hath done."

As thus the Lord His servant's zeal restrained,
He took the mother's place, and even deigned
The distaff with His hands divine to ply,
And rocked the restless babe, and sang its lullaby.

Then rising when it slept He waved His hand,
And Peter followed at His mute command.

When the poor widow reached her cabin bare—
A home made rich by God's protecting care—
She found—but never knew by whom 'twas
done—
That her babe slept and that her flax was spun.

MY LOVE.

BY E. W. M.

My dearest love! My soul's supreme delight,
At early morning hour and late at night;
In prayers and tears and vows, to Thee I plight
My troth, my love!

Thou speakest to my soul in music sweet,
And all Thy priceless words I would repeat;
Nor wish for more than at Thy precious feet
To lie, my love!

As to the thirsting earth the dew and shower;
As is the fragrance of the sweetest flower;
As to declining age sustaining power;
So is my love.

As speech is to the dumb, sight to the blind;
As heavenly music to the adoring mind;
As friend deserting not, but always kind;
So is my love!

I love Him first, because He first loved me;
And heaven and earth will pass away and be
As things that were, ere I shall ever see
Change in His love.

I give myself to Him, my all in all;
With patience, faith, and hope, I wait the call,
When I into His folding arms may fall,
Of Christ, my love.

Then be at rest; nor sin, nor troubles more
My soul disturb; with nothing to deplore;
Redeemed, beloved of Him whom I adore,
My God, my love.

Springfield, Mass., August 18th, 1878.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 7.

BY THE REV. W. A. LEONARD.

I am writing under the shadows of the great pines, and the light comes and goes as the clouds sail over the tree-tops, and the water is shining at my feet. The change from sea to mountain is indeed very great. Scenery, surroundings, temperature, and atmosphere are entirely different, and offer interesting contrast and pleasurable sensations of delight and refreshment. We leave the one and seek the other because of a strange desire that amounts almost to a passion. While I love the great ocean and its strong breezes, yet there comes an indescribable yearning every year for the sweet quiet, and the delicious fragrance of the north woods. With what joy then did we journey hither over the hard

road, each mile losing somewhat of its roughness and length by the knowledge that we were rising above the heated levels of the low country—passing beyond the hills and mountains, and drawing toward our annual rendezvous. And as we toiled to the summit of the last ridge and turned to gaze upon the scene, a sense of satisfaction stole over us as we felt the influence of the forest land. Behind us, in glorious company, stood the entire range of the Adirondacks, hand in hand, a band of Titans guarding the lands and people at their feet.

It is an inspiring view, and one is indeed "lift up in spirit to the hills whence cometh strength." Far to the north the Canada line melts into blue haze, and one can almost fancy on the reflecting mirror overhead the outlines of the Vermont and New Hampshire hills, as gracious setting to this cluster of rare loveliness. Such a view is a sort of blessed God-speed from the world we have left; and when we turn about toward the bourne we are seeking, an answering *Pax vobiscum* is our welcome and benison. For just beneath us, buried in the dark tree-tops, and rising above the wilderness as the sign of a truer life than that which dies, is the dear spire cross of the rustic church of St. John, beckoning the traveller to his rest; and St. Regis mountain, with its neighboring hills and shoulders, is as a good old friend, with arms outstretched for a loving embrace. "It is good to be in this place." Here one may indeed "see God" face to face in the deep and vasty forest temples, in the high hills that solemnly wait the word of their Creator; in the gleaming waters of those translucent lakes that comfort the weary and bless with their thousand rills and streams the dwellers in the world below. And we settled down into the old familiar places with a comforting satisfaction and with an unquestioned greeting, while the air seemed clearer, and the lakes purer, and the woods grander than ever before.

But I must not pass by the log church of St. John in the Wilderness with so little notice. It has been built just one year, and has served its holy purpose faithfully. Consecrated by the bishop, it has been ministering to many souls here who, at the hands of a settled missionary, have received the bread of life. Little ones have been grafted into the body of Christ; the youth have been trained in sacred teachings; and men and women have been taught the way of godliness. Last Summer I baptized three little babes the Sunday the church was opened for service. Since then the first of that innocent band has been gathered, like a lamb, into the arms of the Good Shepherd; and a white cross and a little mound of earth behind the sweet church tell the story of "the first-fruits unto life everlasting." A silver-toned bell has within a few months been swung aloft in the open spire in memory of Dr. Ralph Townsend, who was the first candidate for confirmation here last year. Within this sacred shrine a beautiful window has been added to the other gifts of memorial placed by Mr. Augustus Low, of Brooklyn, in remembrance of Asa Puffer, once his faithful guide. It pictures a deer standing by the edge of a waterfall, where he has come through the snow-covered woods to drink; a cross-embazoned shield is added to the inscription, and the whole effect is striking and unique.

This church has indeed done a blessed work; not alone here, but elsewhere is its influence felt. A promising mission has been

started at Bloomingdale, nine miles off; and a fine church is now roofed and sided at Saranac village, sixteen miles away. This last venture will doubtless produce good fruit. The Rev. Dr. Lundy labored assiduously with Dr. Trudeau last Winter, and the earnest and appreciative people of the village responded to their efforts by giving nearly a thousand dollars, in labor and material, as their subscription towards the church of St. Luke the Beloved Physician, which, by God's grace, will be an administrator of the wholesomer medicine of the soul. How blessed is the repayment to those who expend effort and money in such a cause as this! The return is in rich and bounteous spiritual harvest.

This month has been very stormy; rain has fallen in unusual quantity, and the rivers and lakes are very high. Trout-fishing has been better than in many previous seasons, and the beautifully mottled and speckled treasures are readily drawn by the luring fly from the spring-holes and sandy bottoms. Deer-shooting, also, has been good, and the camps have been able to keep a supply of venison always on hand. From this point many parties start, with guide, boat, tent, and camp-kit, for short sojourns in the woods; while hundreds of travellers have passed through, making a grand tour of the lakes in the light and graceful canoe-boats for which this country is famed. To speak once again of the speckled trout, or *Salmo fontinalis*. It is one of the most delicate and fastidious of the finny tribe; without scales, like our other fish, its skin is exquisitely lined and painted. The orange and vermilion dots upon its sides, the golden shading of its belly, the dark olive-blue of its back, make it as gorgeous and as choice as a tropical bird. So sensitive is it that, unless the fly you cast be exactly suited to its taste and fickle fancy, it will scorn to rise and seize the proffered dainty; and often no bait, however rich, will tempt this watery epicure. If the sky be overcast and the mist come down, then the trout will flounce and tumble out of the water; but should thunder roll across the heavens, the fisherman may take out his book to read patiently till the storm is past, under the upturned boat on the sweet fern shore. So, too, after the trout is caught, he changes color perceptibly, and the side on which he lies in the boat or basket is in a few moments of another shading and tinting.

The other day I had a delightful and successful fishing trip down the Osgood river, about four miles from this house. Returning home across the lake, at the sunset hour, I beheld a glorious and almost unearthly scene. The hills were transfigured in the golden light; the waters were like unto a pavement of glittering precious stones, scintillating and crinkling with prismatic colors as the evening wind rippled the surface; the islands almost floated in the wavy light, and the trees along the shore were tipped with flames that shot their shafts from the radiant clouds. And oh how marvellous were those shapes, and how magnificent their heavenly coloring! Great piles of snow and pink and amber and violet; long stretches of silvery green and inexpressible blue, that seemed to reach far back to the shoreless land. And just beneath, the dark green outline of St. Regis Mount made a perfect cushion of velvet for the setting harvest crescent moon. It was all one grand and mighty glory of loveliness. Earth and lake and sky were united in a grand ascription, until the one seemed melt-

ing into the other. A picture too beautiful indeed for the eye of sinful man!—yea, rather it was a very prophecy of encouragement and hope for those who gazed: faint reflection of the world of eternal and ineffable beauty where there is naught to mar the perfection of the as yet unregarded scene.

*St. Regis Lake, Adirondacks,
August 16th, 1878.*

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Precious Saviour, pierced for me,
Let me ever be with Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Precious Saviour, crucified,
Thou for all mankind hast died;
Tears for sin cannot atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Precious Saviour, risen Lord,
To Thine own in heaven restored;
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—*Toplady. Sequence.*

FAMILY FESTIVALS.

BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

There is something very solemn and very beautiful in the commemoration, year by year, of family events; and although it may be carried to excess, the reverse is rather to be feared in this country. Birthday feasts are a pagan rather than a Christian custom, and it is chiefly these that we keep up, while the anniversary of a baptism is almost universally overlooked. Wedding anniversaries count for little among the majority, except the "silver" and "golden" weddings, which are foreign and recently imported. In European and Roman Catholic countries the name-day is kept instead of the birthday, a custom denoting the greater importance in which one's Christian citizenship and Church membership is held compared to one's civil status. In some places it is still usual to name a child according to the saint on whose day it is born or baptized. But national customs are not easily changed, and the birthday will most likely hold its own among Anglo-Saxon peoples as the most prominent festival of the home. The only change that is really desirable or possible is in the order of precedence among birthdays. Those of the parents should come second to those of the children, and the wedding-day should take precedence of both. This is the anniversary of the foundation of the home and family, the root-festival, the first day on which two souls became one, and had henceforth no interests, losses, or expectations but in common. Each of these anniversaries has as tender and sacred memories as the twenty-fifth or the fiftieth, and ought to be as important in the eyes of the married pair, though it is obvious that the publicity of the silver or golden wedding should not be lavished on each return of the day. (Indeed these latter occasions themselves are often perverted into

promiscuous gatherings, thus taking the bloom off the most beautiful and touching memory of the day.)

The children's birthdays should come next in order to the parents' wedding-day, because they belong wholly to the father and mother, and recall to them solemn moments of joy, thanksgiving, anxiety, and sometimes great sorrow; while they also mark a new trust given and accepted, and a new link between the parents. Lastly, the parents' birthday should be celebrated, for they belong each to a different part which the two seldom, if ever, led in common—a part, perhaps, associated with circumstances at variance with the present duties and home atmosphere, connected perhaps with another love, and certainly with aspirations and memories indifferent to the person who is now the centre of the new life. In the manner of birthday celebrations and other home festivities the element of home should reign supreme, that is, the day ought not to be an excuse for social gatherings beyond the circle of near relations and very intimate friends; a children's party ought not to be spoilt by being made a cloak for something more worldly; show of any kind, beyond abundance, should be avoided; in a word, everything should be true, and to be so, it will be almost unavoidable to restrict the number of participants to that of the household. It is an imposition that the world should expect you to *entertain* on certain family events taking place; the events are purely personal, and the interest "society" pretends to take in them is simply in proportion to its expectation of an opportunity to display its new dresses and new tricks of flirtation, or to discuss your private affairs on the strength of the extent of your hospitality. A wedding, especially, is made oppressive to parents through this silly custom of publicity. It will be time enough to ask all those you know when the millennium comes, for surely, as mortals are now made, it is certain that nine tenths of your guests are either hostile or indifferent. The expense which this publicity leads to is a serious reason for breaking through the custom. The same sum sensibly spent would often be a God-send to the young couple, while, where neither could be well afforded, the young people would not feel the incongruity between their first public appearance and their subsequent modest household.

About funerals, so much has been said lately as to display and its bad taste that some impression has already been made on the best part of the public; and as to christenings, much the same arguments might be urged. The only persons whom it is pleasant to entertain on these occasions are the poor of your parish, or any whose welfare circumstances make specially your business, such as employes, clerks, operatives, poor neighbors, large families of orphans, etc. Let "society" entertain itself, and it has plenty of foolish members to do it, but do not lend it your most holy memories as a platform for its pranks and insincerities. The foreign custom of keeping the anniversary of a death is very beautiful and becoming, and is not confined to Roman Catholic countries only, but exists in Northern Germany also, though without religious ceremonies. The relatives wear black that day, and, though it may be a score of years after, never accept any invitation that will take them from home, whether by day or by night. The late Queen Adelaide, of England, the wife of Wil-

liam IV., always kept up this custom, and it passed thus into a few families, whose members were much with her, or whose children were brought up in her court.

In Roman Catholic countries, funeral services are always repeated *in memoriam* on the anniversary of a death, and the ancient custom of mediaeval times, that of a gift or "dole" of money or victuals to a number of poor—the number corresponding to that of the years of the dead—is very generally kept up. Although the old temper of mind has disappeared to a great extent in England and America, it is still not uncommon for institutions to be founded either by the will of the dead person, in his memory, or as a memorial to him or her by surviving friends; and annual memorial gifts to churches, hospitals, schools etc., are also a common form of survivors' loving remembrance. But this is as capable of being done in a small and humble way as in a magnificent and public one; and as the principle is identical, it forms a very fitting tribute to the memory of any dead relative, and a good yearly reminder of him to the living. For instance, one might provide each year for the year's clothing of one person, either an orphan, or an aged and helpless woman, or one child out of a large, struggling family; for a year's schooling of one child or more according to one's means, or for the partial support of one family, and generally through some self-denial and curtailment of one's own expenses. This kind of link between your dead and you could not offend even a Puritan, and it would be a great comfort to many. We are free to believe that disembodied spirits, wherever they may be, have yet some knowledge of those whom they loved in life, no matter how that knowledge is fed; and it is not unlikely that they will rejoice in the charity of their survivors. It would be an improvement in festivals of the living also if some such work marked each family rejoicing, and especially if children were taught to think it the best privilege of their birthday to do some act of charity involving self-denial, for without this element mere *giving* is a barren thing to the giver, however young.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Thirtieth Evening.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

The next group I have been thinking about is a family of four, a family of disciples. We have to piece the family history together, as so often in the New Testament, and that makes it more interesting. Not that the Bible is written as a kind of Sunday puzzle; but the story it is set on telling is the story of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church, and the individual separate stories only shine on us in glimpses where they catch the light of that Divine story.

The first person in the family we read of is the father; and we read of him in the first three Gospels, the synoptical Gospels, as they are called, the Gospels which look on things from the same point of view. And yet the fourth Gospel, St. John's, which looks at things from another point, just supplies the first little link which I think explains the rest.

It was the morning of the day of the crucifixion, before nine o'clock.

Not twelve hours before a band of men from the chief-priests might have been seen in the dark—they had to carry lanterns and torches—silently leading an unresisting captive from a quiet garden close outside the walls to the palace of the high-priest to be tried.

And now the trial was over; the sentence—ecclesiastical and civil—was given. The Jewish priests had said He was worthy of death, and the Roman governor had scourged Him and sent Him forth to die the slave's death on the cross.

And now they were leading their captive outside the walls again—to die. And as they left the city and went toward the country, a man was coming from the country, and met them.

Up to that moment we know nothing of this man. But now, to the end of time, no Christian will forget his name, and many Christians will envy him, or rather will thank God they may still do something like what he did.

It was a man of Cyrene, Simon the Cyrenian—a Jew from his name, belonging to a colony of his nation settled in North Africa. It was probably a large and flourishing Jewish colony, and there were many of them at Jerusalem at that time for the feast of the Passover. We know there were, some two or three months afterward, at the feast of Pentecost, for they heard the apostles in their own dialect.

He was coming fresh from the country. He knew nothing of that terrible night in Jerusalem. He only saw a tumultuous rabble surging out of the gates, and in the midst a close, orderly band of Roman soldiers keeping rank around three condemned men, who were bearing on their shoulders the heavy pieces of wood to which they were to be nailed and crucified. But soon he must have heard the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Only a few days before a joyous crowd, probably some of them the very same people as these, had gone down those wooded slopes of Olivet, and up the steep height to the temple, shouting Hosanna, strewing their garments for this Jesus to ride on, breaking off palm-branches to wave before Him in triumph; the little children dancing and singing blessings before Him. And now, as he came towards this angry, mocking crowd, Simon must have heard the same name echoing on all sides in derision and rage, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

In a minute Simon had met the crowd and was mingled in it, pushed about in the crush until he came quite close to the sufferer. "Jesus," the fourth Gospel (St. John's) tells us, "was bearing His cross."

Weary and bleeding, forsaken by His disciples, harassed with cruel questions all night, buffeted, mocked, hunted from Annas to Caiaphas in the night, and from Pilate to Herod in the morning, derided by the priests, by the soldiers, by the crowd (not by the governor—by the governor revered and scourged), with the thorns on His brow, He was passing on with faltering steps under the heavy cross. He had borne the cross from the palace of Pilate to this place outside the walls, and there He fell under its weight.

And now, coming from the country, Simon met him. What was it which made them choose any one to bear the cross for Jesus? Was it a moment of pity for the tortured,

patient sufferer, faltering under His load? And what made them choose Simon to bear it?

Was it a cry of generous indignation, or a look of compassion, which thus procured for him this undying memory? which made the crowd identify him, not with themselves, but with Jesus? Or was it that Simon had been a disciple already? Or was it a mere wanton tyranny to a stranger? We do not know.

Simon's discipleship may have begun before. It may have begun half reluctantly. We read, "Him they compelled to bear the cross." But it must have begun then. He must have seen the patient, thorn-crowned face. He must have met the glance of the eyes which were always open to the sorest need or the slightest service. He may have felt an unutterable thrill of new joy as he transferred the load from those bruised, bleeding shoulders to his own. He must have heard the weeping of the women behind, for there were some weeping, and not mocking, even then and there. He must have heard the gracious lips of the Lord the moment He was relieved from the burden, turning to the women and saying, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but for yourselves."

But of the rest of Simon's history we know nothing. The light of the great story of Redemption passes on and illumines other faces and forms, and his is left in the shade, with the recollection of having borne on his shoulders the very cross of Jesus. I think it must have made all other burdens light. But we know a little of three members of his family. Perhaps it was the whole family.

He had two sons, Alexander and Rufus. Both surely Christians, and, it would seem, better known in the Church than their father, for he is introduced by St. Mark as "the father of Alexander and Rufus."

Perhaps Simon did not live long after that. He could scarcely have anything more blessed ever given him to do. Perhaps he went home very soon to Paradise, and saw the prints of the nails again. To him the welcome would not be, "In that ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto Me," but "In that ye did it unto Me."

And his son Rufus was beloved by St. Paul. He wrote to the Romans, "Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord." And then he adds a precious little memorial for the mother of Rufus, who was no doubt the wife of Simon of Cyrene. "Salute Rufus; and his mother, and mine."

This must have meant that the mother of Rufus had shown such thoughtful motherly care and kindness to the Apostle Paul that he called her not only his friend's mother but his own.

And so, dear children, I think we have a glimpse into a Christian home as rich in memories as any Christian home in the world; the father having borne patiently through the mocking multitude the very cross of Jesus our Lord, and so saved Him just a few painful steps of the bitter way He trod for us all; the sons chosen in the Lord, and so well known in the Church that to mention their names was introduction enough for an unknown name; the mother, such a help and comfort to the faithful apostle, whose own path was so near that of the Master himself in loneliness, weariness, and painfulness, that to the end of time she comes close to every Christian heart in St. Paul's own words of honor as "his mother and mine."

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a sad, wizened-faced monkey, who spent his days on the top of a hand-organ, and his nights in a dirty cellar. All day long this cellar was locked up, so that none of the boys who slept there and called it home could get in. Some of them sold ferry tickets, and two blacked boots, while one of them carried about the organ on which Napoleon Bonaparte used to sit and wave his funny red cap in the air. Poor Pietro had a forlorn life of it, for he was a little fellow, and not very strong; yet he trudged bravely about the city streets, always trying to get enough pennies to buy his sausage and bread and pay for the bundle of rags on which he and the monkey curled up together at night. It was hard work when it rained, or the pavements were slippery with ice, to go up one long street and down another, playing all his gay tunes in front of every door, while the monkey would run up the steps and wait, cap in hand, for pennies.

Sometimes people would be cross about it, and send the footman to drive that little nuisance away; but when there were children in the house they were sure to come running to the door or window at the very first notes of "Up in a balloon, boys," and then poor little Pietro would laugh, looking brightly up at the window, and showing his white teeth as if he were the happiest of boys. So Napoleon would gravely dance until the tune was played through; and then, whew! the first thing the children knew he would be chattering and grinning on the window-sill, his queer brown face pressed close to the pane in a comical fashion. Pietro called him "Nap," and was very fond of the little toymonster, though he often provoked him by running away when he could get loose, and refusing for a long while to come back to his place on the organ. Nap was sometimes very cross too, I am sorry to say, and would bite or pinch Pietro when he felt specially out of sorts. But Pietro would only say, "Oh, he doesn't know any better; he's nothing but a monkey," and divide all the cakes and candy that the children gave him just as fairly as if Nap had never bothered him by running up on lamp-posts and staying there until a crowd collected, and policemen came to see what the matter was. Pietro was very much afraid of policemen, because they sometimes came to his cellar after he had gone to bed and carried off some boy or man who had done wrong. He need not have feared them, however, for he was a good boy; and, besides, the policemen in that part of the city all knew him well, and pitied the hard-working child who was so patient with his freakish companion that he never whipped or scolded him, even when the most provoking things happened.

One day it rained very hard and fast when Pietro first left his miserable home and started out for the day's round. He was tired and unhappy, because he had a sore throat, and the heavy shoes, that were so big he could hardly keep them on, had holes in both heels, so that he knew the water would soon soak through his stockings and make his chilblained feet feel very badly. But he had no money left from the day before—not even enough to buy the two stale rolls which he usually got at the corner bakery for his own and Nap's breakfast—so he started out, feeling as if he would like to cry if he only had time. And Nap was cross, not understanding why Pietro did not feed him, and chattered very angrily

when he was fastened by his little chain and swung up to Pietro's shoulder. As fast as the cold rain fell it froze on the pavements, and all the people went slipping and sliding along. Some of them called to Pietro very impatiently and said:

"Now then, youngster, get out of the way, will you?"

Some of them pushed against him as if he had no business to be on the street at all, and no one seemed to think that carrying the clumsy organ was hard work for a little fellow, or gave him any pennies.

He stood in front of the dining-room windows at one pretty house, and began to play, though Nap scolded vigorously and refused to stir from his shoulder. Through the thin lace curtains he could see the children, who were happily eating their breakfast. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and on a soft rug before it lay a huge black dog, fast asleep.

"I wish I was a dog, if I could sleep all day by the fire," thought poor little Pietro, and that queer lump in his throat almost choked him. But he kept on playing very patiently, and by-and-by the cook came to the door and gave him a big slice of gingerbread, telling him to "run home to his mammy out of the wet."

Pietro thanked her with a bright flash of his dark eyes, though she did not understand his soft Italian "*Grazie*" any better than he could her queer Irish brogue. Only he knew that the gingerbread was good, and so thought sulky Nap, who immediately ate up his half, and then scolded until he got most of the other part. Did you ever try that little experiment? Monkeys act like children sometimes, and I am sure that I have seen children act like monkeys.

Well, Pietro went here and there on the streets, and he did not succeed in drawing any children to the front windows, with their shouts of delighted pleasure at Nap's funny tricks, and their five-cent pieces afterwards. So he went along very slowly and sadly, for if he could not get at least ten cents before dark the old woman who kept the cellar would not let him in at all, and then he would have neither bed nor supper. Once before he had got no money during a long day; but that was in warm weather, and he had walked about in the little park, on a square near home, till he grew very sleepy and tired, and stretched himself on one of the benches; it was very hard, truly, but he did not mind that particularly, and the moon was so bright, and the soft August air so warm, that he rested well enough after he had pattered his *Aee* and soothed restless Nap.

But now it was altogether a different matter. The bench was covered an inch deep with frozen sleet, and a loud cold wind roared through the tree-tops. Clearly the park was no nice resting-place for boy or monkey this stormy day. And the gray chilly twilight closed in around the city; fog-horns out on the river were sounding constantly, and people driving through the crowded streets called to each other to be careful, as they just escaped the wheels of cart or carriage, in the thickening mist. No one had time, in the hurry and confusion, to think of a little boy with a monkey.

Pietro was in the heart of a great city by this time, where he had seldom been before; clerks were putting up their heavy shutters and rushing back and forth on last errands,

so that everywhere was great bustle, but he walked very slowly through it all, he was so tired and discouraged.

And just when the organ grew so heavy that he thought he surely could not carry it any farther, but must for a while put it down and stand still, naughty Nap contrived to free himself from his chain and run off, round the nearest corner, as hard as he could go. That was almost too much to bear, Pietro thought; but he carefully set down his organ on the steps of a drug-store, and ran after Nap as fast as his tired feet would take him. Nap was nowhere in sight when he turned the corner; but far down the street boys were laughing and shouting, and he thought they must be watching the monkey's tricks on some lamp-post or window-sill. So he ran along the crowded avenue, through the thick fog, too excited and tired to think of his own safety as he crossed it, although many carriages were rapidly driving up from the ferry.

When Nap repented of his misdeeds, and came back leaping from one flight of stone steps to another, on his zigzag way, he saw a crowd on the corner, and cautiously slid up a lamp-post to see if he could spy anywhere the little master who was always so kind and patient with him. Nap could not understand in the least what he saw then, for a carriage door has opened and a man with a funny gold band on his hat held Pietro carefully in his arms, and was gently laying him down on the soft cushions. The organ was nowhere in sight, nor did Pietro open his dark eyes to look for Nap, and he did not hear that shrill child whistle which had so often brought him scampering back in great haste from a mad runaway.

Nap sat, silent and glum, behind the coachman, who drove towards the hospital, quite unconscious of his little companion.

When Pietro opened his eyes he was in a white, soft bed. Nap sat at its foot, with a red apple in his brown paw, and a lady stood near, with a china bowl in her hand, filled with something which sent forth an odor very delicious to poor hungry Pietro.

It was like that long ago time in Italy, when Pietro slept every night in his own bed, and mamma used always to tuck him up, and then listen to his lisped *Aee*, kissing him fondly at its close. Mamma was fast asleep under the blue Italian violets now, and as he felt a strange hard pain in his side and saw that his right arm was bandaged, Pietro's stout little heart gave way, and he sobbed out:

"I want to go to mamma!"

But he said it in Italian, which his kind nurse did not understand; however, she did the very best thing possible, for she gave him the bowl of soup very gently, and he went to sleep quietly enough. The hospital was very near the drug-store, so that his organ was soon brought in, and placed beside his bed; when he woke up the next morning and saw it there, he thought that after breakfast, if they should give him any, he would go out as usual to earn his dinner. He was a proud little fellow, and wanted to take care of himself and Nap. But poor Pietro had broken his arm, and the kind lady whose carriage had run over him, and injured him so badly, was very sorry indeed for the friendless child. So she came every day to see him, and brought him all sorts of nice things to eat and drink. And she soon learned to think that little brown

face on its white pillow a very sweet one; so she decided to take good care of Pietro, and make his lonely life a happy and useful one in the future. She sent him, as soon as his arm was well, to a very pleasant home for orphan children, where he grew rosy and strong, and soon learned to read and write. Nap, in the meantime, played about the lovely gardens, or curled himself up and slept in any convenient corner. And when, after some time, Nap took cold one rainy day, and died, the children cried, they missed him so much. One of the big boys made a little coffin for him, and out in the garden, under a white rose-bush, they buried poor Nap in a very sad manner.

So in Winter the snow covers the little mound, and in June white rose-leaves drift high over it. Very often Pietro pauses in his merry play to look at the little slab on which he has rudely carved the words, "Napoleon Bonaparte."

THE DISOBEDIENT KITTEN.

It was such a pretty pink dress, just the color of the early June roses that nod and laugh to one another in the sunshine, and Grandma Lane had made it with such loving, skilful fingers that no wonder mamma had said it must only be worn when Bessie was very much dressed up indeed. The little girl always felt at least three inches taller and very fine when she had it on, and now—to-day—could it really be the same pink dress that, very much stained, tumbled, and dirty, was bundled up in Aunt Edith's lap?—It certainly was. For now curis half hidden on Aunt Edith's shoulder, the fat brown hands clasped so tightly around her neck, and the sobs, long, loud, and doleful, that were shaking the pink dress, all belonged to and came from that same little girl.

Bessie was in great tribulation, and this was how it all happened.

"To-morrow is mamma's birthday," Mr. Lane had said, smiling at the people around his large dinner-table the afternoon before; "I think we'll have to celebrate it. And Bessie, what would you think of a long day on the 'Rocks'? I'll stay up from the city and we'll all go."

"It would be perfectly lovely," Bessie was fond of long words, and the little girl bounced up and down in her chair to show how perfectly lovely it would be.

"Mamma," she whispered, "may I? Please let me. May I wear my pink dress?"

"Yes, dear," mamma whispered back again, "you may wear it to the picnic."

And so the next morning the first thing Bessie remembered when she opened her eyes to the glorious June sunshine was that it was mamma's birthday, and she was going to wear the beautiful pink dress.

"I'll put it on now," she said to herself, when she stood waiting in her little white frilled petticoats, while nurse hurried to pick up the baby, who had fallen over and bumped his nose. "I'll put it on now; mamma won't care."

"But mamma will care," something whispered in the little girl's breast that made her slip out of the room without nurse's seeing her, climb up to the chest of drawers, and, after a great deal of trouble and no little risk of falling, drag the pink dress out of its

drawer. She had it on and was buttoning it up in a one-side way when nurse Sarah called:

"Bessie! Bessie! Where *is* the child?" and then, "Oh, Bessie, that'll never do at all, at all. You'll have your pink dress spoiled before breakfast."

"No," said Bessie decidedly, "I shall *not*. Mamma said I might wear my pink dress to-day, and I'm going to have it on *now*!"

Several nods of the head and very decided stamps with a small slipper filled up this sentence, and nurse Sarah, who was in quite too much of a hurry to appeal to mamma that morning, buttoned up the pretty dress with a good many "Oh dears" and "Oh mys" over the wilful little girl. But Bessie didn't care, and very soon was hopping down the piazza steps on her way to the garden.

In that garden grew strawberries, rich, red, and very large. Which loved them the best, the robins or the children, I'm sure I don't know; but little bells that the winds kept ringing were hung over the beds to keep away the robins, and the children were forbidden to pick even one. "For," said papa, "your fingers are so very young they don't know how to be careful, and I should soon have neither vines nor berries. When you are grown up as large as Aunt Edith, then I can trust you to pick my berries."

This morning, however, Bessie was quite determined to have her own way. "I *know* mamma would like some strawberries for her breakfast," she said to herself, "and just this once I *know* I can pick them. Just as if I didn't know how to pick berries as well as Aunt Edith!"

So this naughty little girl fell to work, and, making a dish of her pink dress, by the time the breakfast bell rang had made sad havoc in the strawberry bed, for hers were not at all careful fingers. Vines as well as berries found their way into the very unsuitable basket, and the reckless little slippers trampled on more fruit than the robins could have eaten in a whole week.

Mamma opened the glass door of the dining-room and came smiling out into the sunshine to meet the little girl as she came running up the piazza steps, but the smile grew curious, and then faded away altogether, as she saw the tangle of berries and leaves held up in the pink dress.

"Bessie, what have you there?" she said gently.

"Some strawberries for your birthday breakfast, mamma. I *do* know how to pick 'em, I'm *sure* I do," very earnestly, for her mother's face was very grave.

"But my little girl disobeyed." And mam-

ma's voice was so sad, and she looked so sorry, and she refused even to look again at the berries that Aunt Edith emptied out of the stained dress, that it was quite as hard for Bessie's tender little heart to bear as the sight of her ruined dress and papa's displeasure. Still she would not say she was sorry or that she had done wrong, till at last her father had said, "I see no help for it, we must leave Bessie at home."

So there was no long day on the rocks for the little girl, but a morning of tears and wails in her mother's darkened room, till she was very much surprised to see the door of the room open and Aunt Edith's bright face look in.

"Come, little girl," she said, "I know

story." And after thinking a little while Aunt Edith said:

"I'll tell you one about a kitten who liked to have *his* own way, and we'll see what happened to *him*."

"Three little kittens came into this world of trouble in the month of May. Their names were Fluffy, Furry and Tiny."

"The first eight weeks of their little lives were spent amongst hay and straw in a loft over a barn; and during that time they never ventured down the dark ladder steps that led to the floor below, still less right out into the open air."

"They tumbled about all day, played hide-and-seek behind the hay-trusses, peeped through the chinks in the boards of the barn-floor, or fought with one another, and tried their newly-sprouted claws on their brothers' little damp noses."

"One day, when their mother had gone for a walk, Tiny lay curled up taking a nap, Furry was busily engaged in practising climbing up and down a bundle of pea-sticks, but Fluffy was thinking. He was staring at a hole in a corner between the wainscot and the floor, and wondering where the hole led to."

"All of a sudden something moved, then there was a little noise, and out popped a sleek little bright-eyed *something*, with a pointed nose and bristling whiskers."

"A mouse!" cried Fluffy, and he pounced like lightning on the little mouse."

"But the mouse was not going to be caught if *he* could help it, so he whisked around and slipped back into his hole. But, alas! not before Fluffy had caught the end of his tail between his teeth; and he held on to this with all his might and main."

"The mouse pulled one way and the kitten pulled the other, till at last one great jerk left the little tail in the kitten's mouth, while the poor little mouse vanished, squeaking and squealing, into the darkness."

"It's the most delicious morsel I've ever swallowed," said Fluffy, smacking his lips, after the tail had been swallowed."

"What's the matter? What has happened?" cried Furry, jumping down from the pea-sticks."

"I have tasted a mouse," said Fluffy, drawing himself up with pride."

"Furry spied a drop of mouse-blood still hanging on Fluffy's whiskers, and licked it off."

"Delicious! exquisite! is it not?" said Fluffy. "There's nothing on earth so nice as mouse's blood."

"Yes, mice seem very nice indeed, but I don't think it was very nice of you to eat it *all* up by yourself," replied Furry in a peevish tone."

"Next time you shall have a taste," gra-



MAMMA OPENED THE GLASS DOOR.

you are *very* sorry by this time. Come in my room and sit in my lap a while."

"But, Aunt Edith," and Bessie was quite too curious to remember to cry, "I thought you went with everybody to the rocks. Have they come home?"

"No," said Aunt Edith smiling; "but I knew when the little girl was sorry she'd need somebody to say so to. So I thought I'd stay home and hear her say it."

That was quite too much for Bessie. She had been feeling much abused and very little to blame before, but now the hard bad feelings all melted away, and she was so sorry, so very sorry, and promised to tell papa so as soon as he came home again.

When she had been cuddled and petted a little, and her head was snug on Aunt Edith's shoulder, she said: "Please tell me a

ciously answered Fluffy. 'Now let us run and tell Tiny all about it.'

"But Tiny did not at all like to be awakened from his comfortable nap, when there was not even a scrap of the mouse's tail left for his share, and he was cross enough to inquire what they woke him up for if it was all gone.

"I wanted to give you an idea how uncommonly good mice are to eat," said the young hero. 'And now,' he went on to his envious brothers, 'if we manage properly, I know how we can catch so many mice that we will have enough for four weeks' eating.'

"How? How?" exclaimed the other two.

"I'll explain it all in a moment. Why does mother go down to the forest every day? I tell you, she goes to catch mice! She's often told us all about them, and only yesterday I saw her coming back with one in her mouth. She did not save a morsel for us, but came in and said mice were quite too rich for kittens, and warned us never to go into the forest, because a sly old fox lives there, who gobbles up small kittens. A fox indeed! as if there was such a thing! And for that matter, suppose we *did* see one; why then, of course, I would lay hold of it and tear it to pieces with my claws! I am sure that mother only told us about the fox to prevent our having as good a time there hunting for mice as she does. But since I have been so lucky here at home, the best thing we can do is to go down to the wood all together and see if we can't bring back some mice for dinner, as plump as those puppies of Treasure's, who are lying by their mother there in the sun.'

"Yes, yes!" said the other kittens, and they all rushed to the head of the ladder. Fluffy, who was some way ahead, missed his footing and fell headlong between the steps on to a heap of straw below.

"Furry and Tiny were not in such a hurry, and scrambled down the steps and reached the bottom safe and sound.

"Old Treasure lay in front of the barn-door, winking and blinking in the sun. She was a house-dog of much experience, and could talk very well and learnedly, particularly about the weather.

"When she saw the three little kittens she said:

"Good-morning to you, my dears. What a lovely day it is! I suppose that you young gentlemen are the sons of my neighbor and friend, Mrs. Barncat.'

"Yes, we are," said Fluffy.

"So I thought the moment I saw you. And where are you going, my three pretty men?"

"Fluffy raised his little mite of a tail till it pointed to the stars, and said: 'We are going mouse-hunting in the forest.'

"Indeed? In the forest? You had better keep a sharp lookout for the fox then.'

"For the fox! We're not afraid of *him*," said all three at once; and they scampered gayly off, with their tails in the air.

"But Tiny, who was really a great coward, soon began to be very uncomfortable at finding himself such a long way from home; and presently his brothers, looking behind, saw him scampering towards home as fast as his little legs would carry him.

"As they drew nearer and nearer to the wood, Furry's pace grew slower and slower, till, when they reached the edge of the forest, he stood still and said:

"I think we had better rest here a little while, I am tired to death'; and then—for

he was growing more and more nervous every moment—don't you hear a noise? 'It's mother's voice calling to us.'

"It's nothing of the sort; it's only the cock crowing."

"No, no, I'm *sure* it's mother's voice, I heard it quite distinctly; we must go home, or we shall get well whipped," and away ran Furry back home across the field as fast as the wind.

"Fluffy, all alone now, sat down and scratched his ear with his paw, in deep perplexity.

"Those foolish fellows are frightened," muttered he; 'well, they shan't have any of the mice, that's certain! I'm not afraid,' in a lower tone; and then he looked around carefully to see if any one had overheard him.

"No one was in sight, and now he crept slowly and carefully into the forest. Everything was very still. Sometimes a sunbeam struggled down through the branches of the trees; the ground was carpeted with dead leaves, fir-cones, and green moss, while just over his head a large cock-chafer whirled along.

"Fluffy hunted diligently on all sides, but never a mouse saw he.

"I must go farther in,' he thought. 'I expect down there under those oaks will be a capital place for finding them.'

"But, alas! when he got to the place there were no mice at all.

"The deep gloom and silence began to affect even the bold hunter's spirits, and he grew more and more frightened.

"I think, after all, I had better go home now; no doubt I shall find plenty of mice another day, but I must have come to the wrong place for them.'

"He turned round to go back; but found, right in front of him, a large brown animal, with a sharp snout and a bushy tail, which stole quietly out from behind a gnarled oak-tree. Fluffy felt ready to sink into the earth with terror; but Reynard, the fox (for it was nobody else), said very softly:

"What do you want, my little dear? Are you looking for anything? Can I be of any service to you?" And old Browny looked at the kitten with twinkling eyes as false as those of the wolf in 'Little Red Ridinghood.'

"I have come out mouse-hunting," said the foolish Fluffy; 'can you tell me where to find any game?'

"Oh, yes! indeed I can; come along with me," replied Reynard. 'Come, and I'll show you a splendid place.'

"By this time Fluffy had grown quite brave, and trotted briskly after the fox deeper and deeper into the wood. Reynard stroked the kitten down the back now and then with his bushy tail, till the foolish kitten purred with pleasure and chatted away as briskly as possible.

"He told the fox how timid his two brothers had been; how they had turned tail because they were afraid of the fox, and how he was the only one who was brave.

"As long as you are with *me* you need not be in the least afraid of foxes," said Reynard with a smile; and then, pointing to a large hole at the foot of a fir-tree, he exclaimed: 'Now we have reached a splendid place for finding mice. If you happen to see one on your way, mind you snap it up at once. You go in first, and I will follow you.'

"Fluffy entered the hole and crawled down a narrow passage, at the end of which he reached a sort of room where stood another

bushy-tailed brown beast as big as his guide, and five smaller ones of the same kind.

"Then at last Fluffy's companion broke into cruel laughter, and said:

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Vixen, and my five little sons. There's nothing they love so well as a young and tender kitten.'

"Fluffy was by this time wild with terror, and began to mew piteously.

"But scarcely had the cubs caught sight of Fluffy than they sprang at him, and would soon have torn him limb from limb; but their mother drove them off, saying, 'Enough is as good as a feast; you have had a good dinner, and must save the kitten for your supper.'

"We only want to play with him,' said one of the cubs, and they pounced on Fluffy again, one taking him by the tail, another by the ears, each one trying to drag him on his side. This game was so exciting that they fell to stepping on one another's toes, and at last began fighting, biting, and scratching one another.

"Fluffy was dropped in the struggle, and, half dead with fear, ran like lightning up the passage and out of the cavern, while the father and mother fox were trying to separate their naughty children.

"As soon as the cubs found out what had happened they stopped fighting, and scampered off after him. But the passage was very narrow; they got in each other's way so much that Fluffy really had a good start ahead of them.

"But he was so tired and frightened that when he got out in the sunlight again he felt as if he could not have run another yard, and had only strength enough left to crawl up a tree.

"Clinging to a branch and trembling in every limb, the unhappy mouse-hunter saw the whole family of foxes come to the foot of the tree, look up at him, and then begin to dance round and round it. This made poor Fluffy so giddy that every moment he expected to fall on their heads; but he clung to the branch and squealed and *meowed* more and more dolefully, until, away off in the distance, a dog barked; and whom should he see but Treasure, bounding along across the fields towards the woods.

"A dog! a dog! run!" said the old fox, and the whole family disappeared in the bushes just as Fluffy, completely exhausted, dropped to the ground.

"Here Treasure found the great mouse-hunter lying, and picking the hero up in her mouth trotted off home with him without saying a word.

"But when they reached the barn the mother cat had a great deal to say. She told Mrs. Treasure the whole story of Fluffy's boasting and his disobedience, and then gave her son a good whipping and sent him to bed.

"Fluffy crept back into the hay-loft, thankful enough to be at home again, though his tail hung low and all his legs were sore from all the rough treatment he had received.

"After that day's hunting he left off boasting, and never again doubted his mother's word, feeling very sure that she knew a great deal better than he did what it was best for kittens to do and what was best forbidden them."

There was quite a long silence after Aunt Edith had finished her story, and then two blue eyes looked up in her face, while a quivering voice said:

"My mamma is a great deal nicer than that Mrs. Barncat; she didn't whip me or send me to bed; but I guess I'll remember as long as the kitten did. Children ought to mind their mothers and fathers," with a sorrowful glance at the stained dress.

"I guess you will, dear," answered Aunt Edith, with a hug and a kiss. "And now let's go and see if Nurse Sarah hasn't a clean white dress for you."

And the little girl took the kitten story so to heart that all the rest of that Summer, when a stamp and a shake of her head, and a "I'm going to," threatened another misfortune, all Aunt Edith had to do was to whisper, "Remember Fluffy," to remind the little girl that she, of all people, was certainly not going to be a disobedient kitten.

THE CHURCHMAN COT.

Contributions to "The Churchman Cot" at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for the week ending Monday, September 2d, 1878:

Several West End ladies, Los Angeles, Cal.,	\$6.50
Sue Hale, Philipsburg, Pa.,	33
Receipts for the week,	\$6.83
Total receipts,	\$2,704.59

FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

SCHOLARS' LESSON PAPER.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1878.

Second Evening Lesson—St. James iv.

- I. What is meant by wars and fightings?
- II. What is meant by "Ye kill"?
- III. To whom is this chapter addressed?
- IV. Where is the quotation in verse 5 found?
- V. Where is the quotation in verse 6 found?
- VI. What is shown by verse 7 regarding the personality of the devil?
- VII. What is meant by double-minded?
- VIII. What is the force of verse 9?

HELPS TO TEACHERS.

Question First.—According to some expositors these words, "wars and fightings," are to be taken in a purely metaphorical sense, as applying to the dissensions in the Church. In this case "wars" would mean the general state of party spirit, and "fightings" individual disputes. Another rendering would make this an epistle addressed to the Jews as well as to the Christians, and reflecting upon the state of contention in which Jerusalem then was, as well as the Jewish nation generally.

Question Second.—In one view, as above stated, this must be also a metaphor. No one in the actual practice of murder or assassination would be suffered to remain in the Christian Church, and no one who would enter the Church at that time but would wholly leave behind all thoughts of such crime. Therefore the meaning must be "Ye have those feelings of hatred which the Saviour denounced as being equivalent to murder in the spiritual point of view." Here is another point of the many which assimilate this epistle to the sermon on the mount. In the second category, that the epistle was written also for Jewish people not members of the Christian fold, the literal rendering would be very appropriate, since assassination was a prevailing practice, and even had a religious sanction among the fiercer fanatics.

Question Third.—The epithets "adulterers and adulteresses," in verse 4, go a long way toward the view that this epistle was addressed to non-Christian Jews, at least in part. It is impossible to associate such offences with remaining in the Christian fold. In the first place these are epithets as used of those in the habitual practice of such sin,

Compare this place with the tone of St. Paul to the Corinthians, where the fault of the incestuous marriage was no doubt partly due to a misunderstanding of the nature of Christian liberty. No Jew but knew that adultery was a sin under the Law. Yet the state of Jewish morals at that time was lamentably low in this respect. There is no indication here that the sense is metaphorical. It is difficult to sever such epithets from the notion of actual sin, and if this is to be taken literally this passage cannot be addressed to Christians. It is not necessary to take any extreme views of the purity of the early Church in order to see this. The alternative is therefore forced upon one either to suppose this term used in a purely metaphorical sense or addressed to those outside. But the metaphor which in Scripture belongs to adultery, and is universal where the literal sin is not meant, is that of apostasy, idolatry, forsaking the worship of the true God. Of that there is no question here. It should be noted in this place that at the time of this epistle there was undoubtedly a large body of Jews who were in full communion with the Law, who were also more or less drawn toward the Christian Faith. The state of England between the first movements of the Reformation and the Council of Trent will give a partial analogy. The Christian Jew was not severed from the keeping of the Law (see Acts xxi. 18-26), and hence words addressed to Jews in general might well find a place in such an encyclical epistle. This last is the view of Bishop Wordsworth, and seems to meet what otherwise would be very grave difficulties.

Question Fourth.—The reference here is probably to Genesis vi. 5, and Genesis viii. 21, but the rendering is quite a free one. The idea here is that the natural man is so prone to evil that there can be no friendship between the world, which was to the Jewish nation the encompassing heathendom, and the chosen of God.

Question Fifth.—The quotation seems to be found in Job xxii. 29, where it reads, "There is lifting up, and He shall save the humble person."

Question Sixth.—The belief of St. James is distinctly enough expressed in the personality of the devil: "He will flee from you." No wresting of the translation can make this metaphorical for the evil thoughts of man's heart. The alternative is, therefore, if one disbelieves in this personality, to suppose St. James on a matter of deep spiritual moment either deceived or else deceiving. He either does not know of what he is writing, or he uses the conventional ideas of his time to perpetuate a deception, and this, too, where there is no earthly need. If St. James did not believe that there was a devil, he had no call to speak as if he did. If he did so believe, it is a question to be asked why he was not quite as likely to be right as some modern philosophers.

Question Seventh.—The word is here used in a larger sense than in verse 3 of the first chapter. It is a man with two minds, one who prays to God and yet cherishes a secret inclination for some darling sin which he will not leave, and therefore has an inward sense that his prayers are vain, and does not pray with faith.

Question Eighth.—Verse 9 is an exhortation to repentance. Taken in connection with verse 8 it means the forsaking of the joy in evil things, the rejoicing in a condition of safety which is founded only on outward observance and membership, and has not root in fact.

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INSTRUCTION.

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CANADA

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Trinity College School, Port Hope, will reopen for the Fourteenth Year, on Sept. 19th, with a staff of eight Masters. New Buildings and large playgrounds. Military drill. Fees (inclusive) \$235 per annum. Apply to Rev. C. J. S. BETHUNE, M.A., Head Master.

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For further information, and for Circulars, address,

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INSTRUCTION.

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It prepares for COLLEGE, for the INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, and for BUSINESS LIFE, the number of teachers both in the Classical and English departments making it possible to do this to the advantage of each. It also receives SPECIAL SCHOLARS.

For those whose education is to be finished at school it provides a liberal course of instruction and reading.

The school-house combines the advantages of an open and healthy position, perfect ventilation, and every appliance for the health and comfort of the pupils, who have also the use of a well-equipped gymnasium and Drill Hall.

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One of the principals may be seen at the school-house daily from 9 to 2 o'clock.

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INSTRUCTION.

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REFERENCES:

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